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THE WOMAN'S MOVEMENT *

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LIBERTY may be an uncomfortable blessing unless you know what to do with it. That is why so many freed slaves returned to their masters, why so many emancipated women are only too glad to give up the racket and settle down. For between announcing that you will live your own life, and the living of it, lie all the real difficulties of any awakening.

If all that women needed were " rights,"—the right to work, the right to vote, and freedom from the authority of father and husband,—then feminism would be the easiest human question on the calendar. For while there will be a continuing opposition, no one supposes that these elementary freedoms can be withheld from women. In fact, they will be forced upon millions of women who never troubled to ask for any of these rights. And that isn't because Ibsen wrote the *Doll's House,* or because Bernard Shaw writes prefaces. The mere withdrawal of industries from the home has drawn millions of women out of the home, and left millions idle within it. There are many other forces, all of which have blasted the rock of ages where woman's life was centred. The self-conscious modern woman may insist that she has a life of her own to lead, which neither father, nor priest, nor husband, nor Mrs. Grundy is fit to prescribe for her. But when she begins to prescribe life for herself, her real problems begin.

Every step in the woman's movement is creative. There are no precedents whatever, not even bad ones. Now the invention

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of new ways of living is rare enough among men, but among women it has been almost unknown. Housekeeping and baby-rearing are the two most primitive arts in the whole world. They are almost the last occupations in which rule of thumb and old wives' tales have resisted the application of scientific method. They are so immemorially backward that nine people out of ten hardly conceive the possibility of improving upon them. They are so backward that we have developed a maudlin sentimentality about them, have associated family life and the joy in childhood with all the stupidity and wasted labor of the inefficient home. The idea of making the home efficient will cause the average person to shudder, as if you were uttering some blasphemy against monogamy. "Let science into the home, where on earth will Cupid go to?" Almost in vain do women like Mrs. Gilman insist that the institution of the family is not dependent upon keeping woman a drudge amidst housekeeping arrangements inherited from the early Egyptians. Women have invented almost nothing to lighten their labor. They have made practically no attempt to specialize, to coöperate. They have been the great routineers.

So people have said woman was made to be the natural conservative, the guardian of tradition. She would probably still be guarding the tradition of weaving your own clothes in the parlor if an invention hadn't thwarted her. She still guards the tradition of buying food retail, of going alone and unorganized to market. And she has been, of course, a faithful conservator of superstition, the most docile and credulous of believers. In all this, I am saying nothing that awakened women themselves aren't saying, nor am I trying to take a hand in that most stupid of all debates as to whether men are superior to women. Nor am I trying to make up my mind whether the higher education of women and their political enfranchisement will produce in the next generation several Darwins and a few Michael Angelos. The question is not even whether women can be as good doctors and lawyers and business organizers as men.

It is much more immediate, and far less academic than that. The feminist could almost afford to admit the worst that Schopenhauer, Weininger, and Sir Almroth Wright can think of, and

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then go on pointing to the fact that, competent or incompetent, they have got to adjust themselves to a new world. The day of the definitely marked "sphere" is passing under the action of forces greater than any that an irritated medical man can control. It is no longer possible to hedge the life of women in a set ritual, where their education, their work, their opinion, their love and their motherhood are fixed in the structure of custom. To insist that women need to be moulded by authority is a shirking of the issue. For the authority that has moulded them is passing. And if woman is fit only to live in a harem, it will have to be a different kind of harem from any that has existed.

The more you pile up the case against woman in the past the more significant does feminism become. For one fact is written across the whole horizon, the prime element in any discussion. That fact is the absolute necessity for a readjusting of woman's position. And so, every time you insist that women are backward you are adding to the revolutionary meaning of their awakening. But what these anti-feminists have in mind, of course, is that women are by nature incapable of any readjustment. However, the test of that pudding is in the eating. What women will do with the freedom that is being forced upon them is something that no person can foresee by thinking of women in the past.

Women to-day are embarked upon a career for which their tradition is no guide. The first result, of course, is a vast amount of trouble. The emancipated woman has to fight something worse than the crusted prejudices of her uncles; she has to fight the bewilderment in her own soul. She who always took what was given to her has to find for herself. She who passed without a break from the dominance of her father to the dominance of her husband is suddenly compelled to govern herself. Almost at one stroke she has lost the authority of a little world and has been thrust into a very big one, which nobody, man or woman, understands very well. I have tried to suggest what this change from a world of villages has meant for politicians, clergymen and social thinkers. Well, for women, the whole problem is

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aggravated by the fact that they come from a still smaller world and from a much more rigid authority.

It is no great wonder if there is chaos among the awakening women. Take a cry like that for a "single standard" of morality. It means two utterly contradictory things. For the Pankhursts it is assumed that men should adopt women's standards, but in the minds of thousands it means just the reverse. For some people feminism is a movement of women to make men chaste, for others the enforced chastity of women is a sign of their slavery. Feminism is attacked both for being too "moral" and too "immoral." And these contradictions represent a real conflict, not a theoretical debate. There is in the movement an uprising of women who rebel against a marriage which means to a husband the ultimate haven of a sexual career. There is also a rebellion of women who want for themselves the larger experience that most men have always taken. Christabel Pankhurst uses the new freedom of expression to drive home an Old Testament morality with Old Testament fervor. She finds her book liable to suppression by Mr. Anthony Comstock, who differs from her far less than he imagines. And she rouses the scorn of great numbers of people who feel that she is out not to free women but to enslave men. There is an immense vacillation between a more rigid Puritanism and the idolatry of freedom. Women are discovering what reformers of all kinds are learning, that there is a great gap between the overthrow of authority and the creation of a substitute. That gap is called liberalism: a period of drift and doubt. We are in it to-day.

The first impulse of emancipation seems to be in the main that woman should model her career on man's. But she cannot do that, for the simple reason that she is a woman. Toward love and children her attitude is not man's, as everyone but a doctrinaire knows. She cannot taboo her own character in order to become suddenly an amateur male. And if she could, it would be the sheerest folly, for there are plenty of men on this earth.

Yet at the very time when enlightened people are crying out against the horrors of capitalism, you will find many feminists urging women to enter capitalism as a solution of their prob-

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lems. Of course, millions have been drawn in against their will, but there is still a good number who go in voluntarily, because they feel that their self-respect demands it.

They go in response to the desire for economic independence. And they find almost no real independence in the industrial world. What has happened, it seems to me, is this: the women who argue for the necessity of making one's own living are almost without exception upper class women, either because they have special talents or because they have special opportunities. Some time ago I attended a feminist meeting where a brilliant woman was presented to the audience as an example of how it was possible to earn a living and have twins at the same time. But it happened that the woman was a lecturer who could earn a very comfortable sum by speaking a few hours a week. Another woman at the same meeting was an actress, another had been a minister, another was a popular novelist; the only woman present who was concerned with factory work said not one word about the pleasure of earning your own living.

Now, only a very small percentage of men or women can enter the professions. For the great mass, economic independence means going to work. And the theorists of feminism have yet to make up their minds whether they can seriously urge women to go into industry as it is to-day or is likely to be in the near future. I for one should say that the presence of women in the labor market is an evil to be combated by every means at our command. The army of women in industry to-day is not a blessing, but the curse of a badly organized society. Their position there is not the outpost of an advance toward a fuller life, but an outrage upon the race, and I believe that the future will regard it as a passing phase of human servitude.

For the great mass, women's work in the future will, I believe, be in the application of the arts and sciences to a deepened and more extensively organized home. There is nothing narrowing about that, no thrusting of women back into the chimney corner. There is opportunity for every kind of talent, and for the sharing of every kind of interest. It does not mean that women need not concern themselves with industry. Far from it. For any decent kind of home women will have to develop beyond

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anything we have to-day an intelligent and powerful consumers' control. They must go into politics, of course, for no home exists that doesn't touch in a hundred ways upon the government of cities, states and the nation. They have the whole educational system to deal with, not only from the public school up, but also for, what is most important of all, the education of the child from infancy to school age. Nor does it mean that every woman must be an incompetent amateur of all the arts, as she is to-day, a cook, a purchaser, a housekeeper, a trained nurse and a kindergarten teacher. Woman's work can and will be specialized, as Mrs. Gilman has pointed out, so that a woman will have a very wide choice in a host of new careers that are going to be created. A great many things which are done in each house will be done by the collective action of a group of houses. The idea of having forty kitchens, forty furnaces, forty laundries, and forty useless backyards in one square block, managed by forty separate overworked women, each going helplessly to market, each bringing up children by rule of thumb,—all that is a kind of individualism which the world will get away from.

To get away from it is an effort that will provide ample careers for most women. The elementary facts of coöperation and division of labor are being forced upon women by the wastefulnes of the old kind of housekeeping. We see already the organization of housewives' associations, of common playgrounds, which some people object to when they have a roof and are called common nurseries. There are neighborhood associations, and women's municipal leagues. There are kindergartens which take away from each mother the necessity of being an accomplished teacher of the most subtly plastic period of human life.

Now with the development of some division of labor among women they will begin to earn salaries. To be paid for work in money is possible only when you don't do all the work. So the moment you divide the work the only way you can share the produce is by paying money to each worker. A woman who does her own cooking gets no pay. A woman who does some one else's cooking gets pay. And when women introduce into the work of the home the principle of division of labor and

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coöperative organization, they also will receive pay, and what is called " economic independence " will be open to them.

That will, of course, be a real emancipation. If women are trained to do all the things that the existing home requires, that is, if they become amateur cooks, marketers, and Montessori mothers, and specialists in none of these things, then they have to wait till they can have a home of their own in which to display their versatility. They have to wait for a man who loves them enough to put up with their general amateurishness, or one who doesn't know any better. But the moment they specialize, so that women can do some one thing very well, they can begin to do homework before they are married. A kindergarten teacher doesn't have to bear a child before she can begin to teach a child. She has a place in the world, a livelihood, and a self-respect because she can do something which is needed. She can marry for love, because she desires children of her own, because she wants what the family can give, not because she is a detached and meaningless female until she is married.

What this will mean for everyone is almost beyond the imagination of most people to-day. We are just beginning to realize that the intense narrowness of women is one of the things that thwart human effort. The number of wives who have egged their husbands on to ruthless business practices, the inventive minds that have been stunted by a fierce absorption in the little interests of the household—all the individualism of women is a constant obstacle to a larger coöperative life. If we knew the details of why men falter, why they are pulled away from common action, we should find, I believe, in unnumbered cases that there was some woman at home, a mother or a wife, who, limited in her whole vision, was clinging desperately to some immediate, personal advantage. And as for children, in their most educable period, they are surrounded by an example of isolation, made to feel that the supreme concern of human life is to look in toward the home, instead of out from it. It is no wonder that democracy is so difficult, that collective action is impeded by a thousand conflicting egotisms. Every one of us is trained in a little water-tight compartment of his own.

From the economic and spiritual subjection of its mother,

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the child forms its ideal of the relation of men and women. We speak about the influence of the parents. It is deeper than most of us realize. The child is influenced by its parents, but not only for good, as sentimentalists seem to imagine. The boy may absorb all the admirable qualities of his father, but he is just as capable of absorbing his father's contempt for woman's mind, his father's capacity for playing the little tyrant, and his father's bad economic habits: the girl learns to obey, to wait on the lordly male, to feel unimportant in human affairs, to hold on with unremitting force to the privileges that sex gives her: and out of it all we get the people of to-day, unused to the very meaning of democracy, grasping their own with an almost hysterical tenacity.

The sense of property may be a deep instinct. But surely the nineteenth century home stimulated that instinct to the point of morbidity. For it did almost nothing to bring the child into contact with the real antidote to acquisitiveness—a sense of social property. To own things in common is, it seems to me, one of the most educating experiences in the world. Those people who can feel that they possess the parks, the libraries, the museums of their city, are likely to be far more civilized people than those who want a park which they can enclose, and who want to own a masterpiece all by themselves. It is well known that there is among sea-faring people a rare comradeship. May this not be due to the fact that the sea is there for all to use and none to own? On the high road men salute each other in passing. Farmers seem at times to have a kind of personal friendship with the weather and the turning seasons, and those things which no single man can appropriate.

Now in the complicated civilization upon which we are entering, it will be impossible for many people to enjoy the primitive sense of absolute possession. We shall need men and women who can take an interest in collective property, who can feel personally and vividly about it. One of the great promises of the conservative movement is the evidence it gave of a passionate attachment to public possessions. But that attachment is something that almost everyone to-day has had to acquire after he was grown up. We are all of us compelled to overcome the

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habits and ideals of a childhood where social property was almost unknown. In this respect the only child is perhaps the most deeply miseducated. He has had what he had as his in fee simple. But all children have far too little contact with other children—too few toys that are owned in common, too few group nurseries. Now boys when they grow to be a bit older do come in for a little social education. The gang is a fine experience, even though a few windows are smashed. The boy who can talk about "us fellers" has a better start for the modern world than the little girl of the same age who is imitating her mother's housekeeping. From the gang to the athletic team, class spirit, school spirit—with all their faults and misdirected energy—they do mean loyalty to something larger than the petty details of the moment.

One of the supreme values of feminism is that it will have to socialize the home. When women seek a career they have to specialize. When they specialize they have to coöperate. They have to abandon more and more the self-sufficient individualism of the older family. They will have to market through association. They will do a great deal more of the housework through associations, just as they are now beginning to have bread baked outside and the washing done by laundries that are not part of the home. If they are not satisfied with the kind of work that is done for the home, but outside of it, they will have to learn that difficult business of democracy which consists in expressing and enforcing their desires upon industry. And just as from the kindergarten up, education has become a collective function, so undoubtedly a great deal of the care and training of infants will become specialized.

This doesn't mean baby-farms or barracks or any of the other nightmares of the hysterical imagination. Nobody is proposing to separate the child from its parents any more than the child is now separated. It is curious how readily any woman who can afford it will trust her infant to the most ignorant nurse-girl, and then be horribly shocked at the idea of trusting her child to day nurseries in charge of trained women. The private nurse-girl often abuses the child in unmentionable ways, but she is preferred because she seems somehow to satisfy the

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feeling of possession. The penalty that grown-ups pay for the sins of the superstitious and unsocialized nursery is something that we are just beginning to understand from the researches of the psychiatrists.

There is one question about feminism which is sure to have risen in the mind of any reader who has followed the argument up to this point. Does the awakening of women mean an attack upon monogamy? For the moment anyone dares to criticise any arraignment of the existing home, he might as well be prepared to find himself classed as a sexual anarchist. It is curious how little faith conservatives have in the institution of the family. They will tell you how deep it is in the needs of mankind, and they will turn around and act as if the home were so fragile that collapse would follow the first whiff of criticism.

Now I believe that the family *is* deeply grounded in the needs of mankind, or it would never survive the destructive attacks made upon it, not by radical theorists, mind you, but by social conditions. At the present moment over half the men of the working-class do not earn enough to support a family, and that's why their wives and their daughters are drawn into industry. The family survives that, men and women do still want to marry and have children. But we put every kind of obstacle in their way. We pay such wages that young men can't afford to marry. We do not teach them the elementary facts of sex. We allow them to pick up knowledge in whispered and hidden ways. We surround them with the tingle and glare of cities, stimulate them and then fall upon them with a morality which shows no quarter. We support a large class of women in idleness, the soil in which every foolish freak can flourish. We thrust people into marriage and forbid them with fearful penalties to learn any way of controlling their own fertility. We do almost no single, sensible, and deliberate thing to make family life a success. And still the family survives.

It has survived all manner of stupidity. It will survive the application of intelligence. It will not collapse because the home is no longer the scene of drudgery and wasted labor or because children are reared to meet modern civilization. It will not col-

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lapse because women have become educated, or because they have attained a new self-respect.

But in answer to the direct question whether monogamy is to go by the board, the only possible answer is this: there is no reason for supposing that there will be any less of it than there is to-day. That is not saying very much, I know, but more than that no honest person can guarantee. He can believe that when the thousand irritations of married life are reduced, the irritations of an unsound economic status, of ignorance in the art of love, then the family will have a better chance than it has ever had. How many homes have been wrecked by the sheer inability of men and women to understand each other can be seen by the enormous use made of the theme in modern literature. It does not seem to me that education and a growing sensitiveness are likely to make for promiscuity.

For you have to hold yourself very cheaply to endure the appalling and unselective intimacy that promiscuity means. To treat women as things and yourself as a predatory animal is the product not of emancipation and self-respect, but of ignorance and inferiority. The uprising of women as personalities is not likely to make them value themselves less, nor is it likely that they will be satisfied with the fragments of love they now attain. Of course, every movement attracts what Roosevelt calls its "lunatic fringe," and feminism has collected about it a great rag-tag of bohemianism. But it cannot be judged by that; it must be judged by its effect on the great mass of women who, half-consciously for the most part, are seeking not a new form of studio and café life, but a readjustment to work and love and interest. There is among them, so far as I can see, no indication of any desire for an impressionistic sexual career.

To be sure they don't treat a woman who has had relations out of marriage as if she were a leper. They are not inclined to visit upon the offspring of illegitimacy the curse of patriarchal Judæa. But so far as their own demands go they are set in overwhelming measure upon greater sexual sincerity. They are if anything too stern in their morality, and, perhaps, too naïve. But the legislation they initiate, the books they write, look almost

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entirely to the establishment of a far more enduring and intelligently directed family.

The effect of the woman's movement will accumulate with the generations. The results are bound to be so far-reaching that we can hardly guess them to-day. For we are tapping a reservoir of possibilities when women begin to use not only their generalized womanliness but their special abilities. For the child it means, as I have tried to suggest, a change in the very conditions where the property sense is aggravated and where the need for authority and individual assertiveness is built up. The greatest obstacles to a coöperative civilization are under fire from the feminists. Those obstacles to-day are more than anything else a childhood in which the anti-social impulses are fixed. The awakening of women points straight to the discipline of coöperation. And so it is laying the real foundations for the modern world.

For understand that the forms of coöperation are of precious little value without a people trained to use them. The old family with its dominating father, its submissive and amateurish mother, produced inevitably men who had little sense of a common life and women who were jealous of an enlarging civilization. It is this that feminism comes to correct, and that is why its promise reaches far beyond the present bewilderment.

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THE ABOLITION OF POVERTY

ALFRED BISHOP MASON

THE lack of money is the root of all evil.

There is a wise saying: "All general statements are untrue, including this one." There are evils which are not rooted in poverty, but they are as a rule easier to bear than those that are so rooted. They are also not so continuous. This is one reason why they are easier to bear. Thackeray's "Time, that grey anodyne" either heals or dulls the sharpest grief. It neither heals nor dulls the wound of the wolf outside the door. That dweller on the threshold is a more monstrous thing than ever Rosicrucian fancy framed. There is no agony that can compare with that of the riven soul of a man with wife and children who sees them suffer because his willing hands cannot find work.

Involuntary poverty is the chief curse of mankind to-day. Condescending charity, even on the colossal scale of the present time, cannot grapple with it. About four thousand charitable agencies are actively at work in New York City to-day. The four thousand agencies and the forty million dollars they spend each year give practically no let to the swollen stream of poverty that flows steadily on, filling jail, brothel, bar-room and potter's field, wrecking bodies, breaking hearts and ruining souls. The Church has done nothing in nearly twenty centuries to abolish involuntary poverty. It has long dealt in futures. It is now beginning to deal in presents. The hope of the future may sometimes stay a sick soul. The gift of the present may sometimes heal a stricken body. Neither touches the cause of the curse. No other agency than charity and the Church even tries to grapple with involuntary poverty, except, here and there, the voice of the reformer, the scorned, abused, hated, crucified reformer, the welcomed, glorified reformer.

The strongest and the weakest thing on earth is the Law,—weakest when it goes against human nature, strongest when it goes with it. It is the Law which the reformer would reform, in order to abolish involuntary poverty.

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Two preventives of poverty, just two, are even suggested. They are Socialism and the Single Tax. Unless another can be found, we are morally bound to try one of these two. It cannot be that poverty is to be the general lot forever. If God has decreed that, let us "curse God and die." This Moloch who thus decrees the destruction of our children shall have no praise or reverence or belief from us. We will not dishonor God by believing in this god. Even the dull, grey level of Socialism would be better than the vast abysses, rarely reached by pale sunbeams, in which most of us dwell now. Even for individualism, sacred as it is and should be, the poverty of the mass is too great a price to pay.

The Single Tax remains to be tried, simple, straightforward, right. It will abolish involuntary poverty, without laying the weight of a finger upon the free development of the individual.

We single-taxers are fortunate in that at last we have a foeman worthy of our steel. Every idea that is to help mankind runs a gauntlet that is a gamut. First it is ignored; then it is abused; then it is discussed; then it triumphs. The gospel of Henry George can no longer be ignored. The princes and proletariat of Privilege have found that abuse would not kill it. It has reached the stage of being a practical question. It is being discussed. It is being homœopathically applied. We dread argument now as little as we have dreaded anger in the past. We welcome the fact that the chief American authority on taxation, Professor E. R. A. Seligman, devotes thirty-two pages of the eighth edition of his *Essays in Taxation* to a reasoned rejection of the single tax. Herewith we take issue with him, we who believe that poverty can be abolished, as slavery has been. It will be abolished, whenever Christendom is converted to Christianity,—and perhaps a very long time before that Greek-Kalends' date ripens.

Professor Seligman says that the social utility theory is the acid test by which the single tax must abide. We welcome that test. The social utility theory is that the public convenience, as part of the *salus populi,* is the supreme law. He says that the difference between property in land and property in other things is one of degree. That is partly true. Land gains value in a

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great city by the pressure of population. So do cabbages grown near a great city. But cabbages have a limit of price. There are many substitutes for them. Land-values seem to have no final limit. Year by year they increase. There is no substitute for land. And there is a marked difference in kind between land and other things. Bare land-value owes nothing to labor. All other taxable things owe their chief value to labor. The distinction is deep. In the Inheritance Tax chapter of his book, our courteous foe says: "It is now commonly recognized that incomes from property should pay a higher rate than incomes from labor."

The social-utility theory bids us derive the whole income of the State from the taxation of land-values, if this is for the public good. If not, not. This is true, whether the ideal basis of taxation is the theory of benefit or the theory of ability to pay. No system of taxation can make everybody pay in exact accordance with either the benefit he receives or the ability to pay which he possesses. Whatever tax-system favors most, or hinders least, the public well-being is the one to adopt.

Our antagonist says there are two fiscal defects of the single tax, viz.: it is inelastic and it intensifies the inequality of unjust assessments.

My variety of the single tax would not be inelastic. I would leave every land-owner of to-day still the owner of his land. I would let him fix, subject to revision by the courts, his own valuation of his land. I would levy upon this valuation an annual tax (at first substantially the amount he pays now) but I would take, every year hereafter, the full rental value of his land, less its rental value to-day. This form of the single tax, which avoids all confiscation in its introduction, does not appeal to many faithful followers of Henry George. They make a fetish of "Progress and Poverty." That great man is best served by correcting his few mistakes. A variation of the first named tax would increase or decrease revenue, as might be desired. At a time of sudden stress, such as war, I would levy, if needed, first an income-tax. If this did not suffice, I would supplement it with stamp-taxes. If still more money were needed, I would levy revenue-duties. These three expedients, however,

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should be regarded strictly as temporary and extraordinary expedients, to be cancelled as soon as the temporary and extraordinary folly of our killing foreigners could be stopped. These things would avoid a deficit. I see no danger in having a surplus, as long as the State has outstanding debts to pay, railroads to build, canals to dig, water-power to develop, or slums to replace with model tenements. If, however, a surplus becomes inadvisable, it can be avoided by lowering the tax on the land-values of to-day.

Intensifying the inequality of unjust assessments would not be an unmixed evil, for it would tend to correct their injustice. Surely it is not beyond the power of man to make just assessments. In any city a stringent requirement that every real-estate deed should state the actual consideration paid would make the average assessment just within very few years. Under my single-tax plan, the definite test of selling-value would remain.

Professor Seligman suggests three political defects of the single tax.

First: It abolishes a protective tariff. It does, and this is a merit, not a defect.

Second: It prevents the use of the taxing power (outside of itself) as a political or social power. It does, and this is also a merit. If Governments think it wise to regulate or destroy, they should do so by direct law and not by an evasive use of the taxing power. Is there any argument for a license-tax on a bar-room which does not sustain a license-fee for a house of ill-fame?

Third: It is dangerous in a democracy to have a small class of tax-payers, because there would be no need of a budget, and the mass of citizens would have no sense of obligation to the Government and no common economic interests with it.

A budget is a statement of estimated receipts and expenditures. The necessity of it would not be diminished because the receipts would come from two forms of taxes on land-values, instead of from many forms of taxes on many things.

The average citizen would probably have a greater sense of obligation to government and a keener feeling of joint economic interest with it than he has now. If a city were to increase its

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activities in providing parks, playgrounds, hospitals and schools and in preventing disease, and were to add to these a persistent activity in feeding school-children, in taking over urban transit, gas and electricity, and in substituting model-tenements for slums, would not the average citizen feel more obliged, more interested, than he does now? He now feels an alien to a Government controlled by Big Business. He would then feel himself part of a Government controlled by the people. Of course all this means many activities outside of the single tax, but the latter would give the means to pursue them, and the average citizen would be heartened to pursue them if he knew that he and his kind, now the prey of monopoly and privilege, had mastered their chief master, land-monopoly and land-privilege.

Our opponent declares the single tax is unethical because it is not universal and because it is unequal.

No tax and no set of taxes can be universal. Exempt classes of objects appear in practically every law,—such as household furniture and incomes below a certain amount. Professor Seligman would himself abolish the tax on personal property, save in so far as that property is levied upon by income-taxes, corporation-taxes, or franchise-taxes. All owe a duty to support the State, but there are other ways of supporting the State besides paying direct taxes, such as jury-duty, militia-service, school-attendance, answering the call of police officers for help, exemplifying law and order in one's own life and teaching that doctrine to others by precept and example. The Minnesota school fund, thanks wholly to the public ownership of the increment-value of school lands, is or soon will be sufficient to support the Minnesota schools. None would claim that in that event a school tax should be levied because taxes should be "universal." Now we believe that the public owns the whole increment-value of all land. Personally, I propose to take only part of it, because I think we are morally estopped from taking it all, if we can get along on part of it, as we can. This increment-value is like the Minnesota school fund. If it will pay all our expenses, why levy other taxes? Since universality cannot possibly be attained, under any system, why condemn the single tax because universality is not attained under it?

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There would be no inequality, of course, as between land-owners. There would be inequality between land-owners and—say—bondholders. But such inequality, too, is inherent in every tax-system. If, in time of war, we put a stamp tax on bank cheques, we are not bound thereby to put a stamp tax, as Mexico does, upon bills. It is unequal that a man who presents a bill and receives a cheque for it should not pay for a tax stamp, when the man who receives the bill and presents a cheque must pay for a tax stamp; but because we annoy people who draw cheques by making them put tax stamps upon them, it does not follow that in order to be just we must annoy people who present bills by making them buy tax stamps, too. Equality, like universality, tends to convince by its very sound. It sounds self-evident. But there are so many exceptions to the rule that the rule does not hold good. No tax system is ever, in its results, either universal or equal.

Under this same heading, our professor pleads that land values do not always increase and that many other values have unearned increments.

Land values as a whole tend to increase constantly. The occasional individual exceptions to this rule would be cared for by my single-tax system. As the rental value fell, the tax would fall. But it is to be remembered that while certain lots in New York City are worth less in 1913 than they were in 1907, every one of them is worth a great deal more now than it was in 1807.

It is true that there are other unearned increments, but most of them fall under the rule of *de minimis* and the few that do not cannot be reached by any tax-gatherer. Professor Seligman cites an investment of $100,000 in Sugar Trust stock, which suddenly becomes worth $170,000 by a market advance. There will be fewer such rapid advances in the future. The profits of the Sugar Trust came partly from good management, but largely from the fact that it could buy by campaign subscriptions the power to write the sugar tariff and could also buy the Government weighers.

This high authority, who writes with an assured desire to state the truth, thinks there are three economic defects in the single tax.

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First: Its yield would not suffice for the expenses of poor communities. This can be met by changing the unit-area of taxation; by assessing real estate at its full value; and by applying the doctrine he himself states in his chapter on Separation of State and Local Revenues: "Many of the expenditures of local communities ought to be defrayed by the State Government." The slums of New York do not yield in taxes enough to cover the city expenditures on the slum population. If each slum area were treated as an independent unit of taxation, this objection as to the single tax in poor communities would apply to any tax in this particular area. We make it part of a unit which embraces all classes of population and so raise money for its needs. Enlarge, then, the "poor community" unit of taxation, if necessary. I need not enlarge upon the other two points: assessment of real estate at full value and dividing expenditures properly between local and State Governments.

Second: The single tax would injure farmers. The proof offered of this is a comparison between land and other assessments in sundry communities. The flaw in this proof is the almost universal custom of assessing land below its real value. This is particularly true of unimproved land. An assessor who lists an improved lot at 60 per cent. of its value will often list an unimproved one as low as 10 per cent. of its value. The Manhattan Single Tax Club laid before Mayor Strong proof that Astor holdings on the Harlem River were assessed at one-tenth of their value, while improved small lots in that neighborhood were assessed at 60 per cent. This tendency is general throughout the country. If corrected, the figures cited would certainly be radically changed. If, after such change, they still failed to show that the single tax would lighten the farmers' burden, I would then make its adoption a practical question by exempting land holdings up to $3,000 apiece from any taxation, basing such exemption upon (1) the homestead theory; (2) the *de minimis* theory, which in every country with an income tax exempts incomes below a certain figure; and (3) upon the frank statement that the great public benefits from the single tax would justify whatever reasonable small exemptions were necessary to obtain a majority for it.

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Third: The single tax would not benefit rich urban communities, because the exemption of improvements from taxation would not (1) cause increased building; (2) lower rents; (3) increase wages; and (4) cause general prosperity.

The vital point is No. 1. If there is increased building, there will be more buildings for rent and therefore lower rents; there will be more opportunities for work and therefore higher wages; and the combination of lower rents and higher wages will, in any normal period, tend to general prosperity.

The question is, then: "Will the exemption of improvements increase building?"

Professor Seligman's first point is that capital cannot be found for the new buildings; that "what is put into new houses will, therefore, simply be so much taken away from other productive employments." This objection, if valid, would have prevented the construction of railroads and the development of electric power and light. Whenever an opportunity of great profit is offered, capital comes. It comes from three sources: (1) other productive, but less productive, employments; (2) unemployed wealth; (3) new capital, created by thrift (partly due to the reward of thrift offered by the new opportunity) and by the abundant returns of the new opportunity so far as it has been utilized.

The second point made is that a house tax falls wholly upon the renter only when houses alone are taxed; that when land, personal property, corporations and incomes are taxed, "the tendency for [the house tax] to be shifted [upon the renter] will be diminished." If diminished, which I doubt, it would not be cancelled. Probably no building has ever been built for rent without the owner's being convinced that after paying taxes out of his net rents, the remainder would yield him a good return on his investment. If a man decided in 1912 to put $100,000 into a building for rent on Manhattan Island and expected the building to be assessed at its full value, he figured that, after paying a building tax of $1,830, the residue of his rents would yield him a fair return on $100,000. Is it not clear, too, that if the supply of three-room apartments in any city were to be materially increased within a year, their rental would fall?

Our author doubts whether much unoccupied land is held for

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speculative purposes in large cities. He cites the official figures showing only 467 vacant lots in 1911 south of Fourteenth Street, on Manhattan Island, out of 24,203 parcels. But here he overlooks the large number of lots inefficiently improved or improved only with "tax-payers." The majority of lots in the whole city to-day are unimproved. The single tax would force their improvement. The professor thinks that the "rents in the slums" would not be "affected," because the slum-dwellers like the "social opportunities of contact" and the toiler must be "near his work." In January, 1913, there were 78,115 dark rooms, including 23,788 without windows, in New York City, in which people lived,—if such rotting existence can be called living. Did anybody ever deliberately choose to mildew in such a room on account of its "social opportunities of contact"? The single tax would provide funds for the construction of transit systems at much lower fares than those of to-day. The new sets of homes would give the "social opportunities of contact"; the new transit facilities would put the workman, wherever he lived, "near his work." Would not, then, the "rents in the slums" be "affected"?

Western Canada is of course of much interest to us just now. It is the scene of a "boom," which is bound to collapse, and this collapse will hereafter be cited (unjustly) as due to the single tax. The rate of taxation there has been far too low to check land speculation. The official figures of new buildings in Seattle and Vancouver, however, for the last twelve years,*

* Population, 1901, Seattle, 96,000; Vancouver, 26,000; 1912, Seattle, 250,000; Vancouver, 150,000. Here are the comparative figures of new buildings:

	Seattle	*Vancouver*
.....	$4,569,788	(1) $731,716
1902.....	6,325,108	(1) 883,607
1903.....	6,495,781	(1) 1,426,148
1904.....	7,808,120	(1) 1,968,501
1905.....	6,704,784	(1) 2,653,000
1906.....	11,920,488	(2) 4,308,410
1907.....	13,572,770	(2) 5,632,744
1908.....	13,377,329	(2) 5,950,893
1909.....	19,084,853	(2) 7,258,565
1910.....	17,163,080	(3) 13,150,365
1911.....	7,491,156	(3) 17,652,642
1912.....	8,415,325	(3) 19,388,332

(1) 50 per cent. improvements taxed.
(2) 25 per cent. improvements taxed.
(3) Improvements exempted.

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would seem to prove, after deducting the probable results of all other causes, that exempting buildings from taxation causes a great increase in building. And as this is *a priori* true, this *a posteriori* proof seems conclusive of our claim that the exemption of improvements will increase building.

In summing up his view of what could properly be done now, our antagonist—it would perhaps be more fitting to call him our judge, for except in one instance his attitude is that of the judge, highly resolved to discover the truth—our judge, then, marches part way with us on the path of progress. He says: "By enforcing the [land] tax laws as they exist to-day, by extending the law of special assessments to all the cases which are properly referable to the principle of benefits, by levying a special tax on unbuilt city lots and by adding to the existing code of taxation some form of increment-value land-taxes, we shall in all probability do as much as is under existing conditions either practicable or equitable." This, excellent as far as it goes, is but a student's saying, a bit of cloistered wisdom, timidly peering beyond the cloister's rim into the great world, but shrinking back from its splendid hurly-burly. Hear Emerson on cloistered minds: "The luminaries of heaven seem to them hung on the arch their master built. They cannot imagine how you aliens have any right to see,—how you can see; 'it must be somehow that you stole the light from us.' They do not yet perceive that light, unsystematic, indomitable, will break into any cabin, even into theirs. Let them chirp awhile and call it their own. If they are honest and do well, presently their neat new pinfold will be too strait and low, will crack, will lean, will rot and vanish, and the immortal light, all young and joyful, million-orbed, million-colored, will beam over the universe as on the first morning."

Professor Seligman is honest and will do well. His face is set toward the light. Presently the cloister will be too small for him and he will see "the immortal light" that will shine over a world that has come forth from the chill darkness of poverty.

Let none think that the single tax is still but an academic question. It has beaten upon the barred doors of every legislature the world over until many of those doors have half-opened to it. It is in part the law of the greatest two empires, Great

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Britain and Germany. The British Labor platform has as its first plank: "Appropriate land-values for social uses." Practically every German city of importance taxes the unearned increment. Paris now assesses land and buildings separately, which is the first step toward land-value taxation. France has a single-tax review. In Sweden, Parliament has been discussing sundry single-tax measures and the conservative leader has honored us by declaring that ours is "the most dangerous heresy yet promulgated." In Denmark, twenty members of the Danish Henry George League have been elected to Parliament. The last Spanish Cabinet was openly in favor of a municipal single tax. The under-secretary to the Prime Minister was leader of the land-values group in the Cortes. The South African Labor party has petitioned for the single tax. Australia and New Zealand have it in part. China has its almond eyes fixed upon it. In Uruguay, in the Argentine, in Sao Paolo, the most advanced State in Brazil, there is single tax agitation and official help. In this country, Everett, Washington, and Pueblo, Colorado, have voted to follow our gospel. Houston, Galveston, Beaumont, Waco and San Antonio, Texas, assess buildings at a lower rate than land. Nearly one-third of the members of the Lower House of the New York legislature are pledged to support this part of our faith. Pittsburgh and Scranton have been authorized by State law to reduce gradually taxes on buildings. Before the law was submitted, the Mayor of Pittsburgh sent his chief tax expert to Western Canada to study the system in operation there. He reported in favor of it. The Minnesota Tax Commission reported as the result of its special study of Canadian conditions that the concentration of taxes on land values had worked so well that nobody there wished to return to the old system. Glasgow, Scotland, sent a tax expert there last October. He reported in favor of the plan of exempting buildings from taxation. In February, 1913, the Province of Saskatchewan abolished all taxes outside of cities except those on land-values, with a surtax of 6¼ cents per acre upon large areas not cultivated. Step by step, we draw nearer our goal.

As I have said in substance elsewhere:

When the full rental value is taken, enough of all land

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will be forced into such use as it is best fitted for. This will mean a great demand for labor. No labor of any kind is possible without the use of land. The more land used, the more labor employed. The wage scale will leave the minimum wage far behind. With employment open to everyone, involuntary poverty will disappear. Drunkenness, which is caused by poverty more often than it causes poverty, will cease to defile our civilization. The hideous traffic in women, based in almost every white-slave case upon the pressure of poverty, will also cease. The happiness which has died in many a tenement will be born again in many a home. People may scorn us as fanatics and madmen. Better men have been so scorned. But people can understand the faith and the zeal that burn within us and make us toil for the single tax only when they understand that we verily believe that through the single tax the nation that abolished kingcraft in the eighteenth century and slavery in the nineteenth will in the twentieth abolish involuntary poverty.

God speed the day.

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PAN-SLAVISM IN AMERICA

C. TOWNLEY-FULLAM

I

IT is not many years since an accomplished writer, Mr. Archibald Colquhoun, with whom, by the by, I have shivered socio-political lances in agrarian fields, threw light, in the pages of *The North American Review,* upon the extent to which we moderns have revived the semi-divine cult of Pan.

What he did not mention, what America may scarcely be prepared to hear, is that, substituting geographical for racial incidence, the God was reincarnated in the infant Republic herself.

Such, nevertheless, is the fact. Years before a genial British Minister had asked to be conducted upstairs and shown "where those dam Colonies are"; a century before Germany had become a corporate entity; before the birth of Cavour; at a time when the view of Russia from her oriel on the Neva was still a little obscure, the germ of Pan-Slavism had passed its embryonic stage in the fertile and constructive brain of Alexander Hamilton. That he should have found his interpreter in Monroe, a man saturated with political parts fundamentally diverging from all that was characteristic of his own brilliant genius, is one of the two classic ironies of American history. But, Federalist or Republican, America, so soon to stagger beneath the weight of the white man's burden, did certainly foreshadow the sober recognition of those imperial responsibilities which still obscure her ultimate Destiny, long before Europe had emerged from the cataclysm of the Encyclopædists.

The potential Slav element in the American problem was wholly eliminated by the Alaska Purchase. Whether this was another instance of the "traditional friendship" of Russia for America manifested so signally, according to *The Moscow Gazette,* by "great service to the Union in the dark days of the Civil War," is an academic point. That which matters is that

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unofficial German striving in Brazil, its solidarity within the Union, Italian movements in Argentina and certain British vested interests here and there along the Continent are much nearer to the activities of the general situation than Slav ambition and propaganda. America is thus able to contemplate in perspective and with that sense of aloofness which premises stable judgment, a movement which shares with Pan-Islamism, its mortal enemy, the double characteristics of convergent direction and illimitable potentialities in spheres strictly within the orbit of the Old World.

II

Palacky, the historian of the Czechs (Bohemians), mourns the establishment of the Magyar in Europe in telling words. . . . "Slavdom never received a more fatal blow. . . . The Magyar by driving a wedge into the heart of the State destroyed it and therewith all the hopes of the Slavs." To-day the unbroken line of Germans, Magyars and Dacian-Roumanians stretches from the Baltic to the Euxine and effectually divides the great family into two groups.

Each of these is Pan-Slav in the racial sense, but whilst the movement in Russia is merged in Imperialism, that in the southern division is directed toward the founding of a new South Slav realm and is marked by all that splendid energy, restless activity and genius for intrigue which characterized the Society of Jesuits three hundred years ago.

To the northern section belongs the great enigma, Russia herself. To anyone not accustomed to the nuances of Slav diplomacy and the deadly patience of the race, she might appear to be for the moment quiescent. To act or to count upon this assumption would entail disaster. There is nowhere in the world a bureaucracy, a Civil or a Diplomatic Service so designedly untrammelled in respect of initiative. The Russian agent is, however, endowed with the deep, undemonstrative reverence for the Fatherland, if not for the Little Father, which is the sure guarantee of fidelity. He neither looks for nor needs instructions. Whatever the conjuncture, in Belgrade, in Vienna, in Constantinople, the Russian representative acts as

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his judgment dictates, but always in a forward direction. Let the matter pass without protest, Russia has gained: let there be an uproar, nothing so easy as to disavow the act and remove the man. But that removal involves, after an interval more or less decent, sure promotion. The higher ranks of Russian officialdom are filled with men whom public opinion in other countries would have adjudged to be hopeless failures. Of such a type is Count Bobrinski, the man who so recently involved Upper Hungary in the treasonable unrest which forced the Dual Monarchy to diplomatic action.

Russia waits, still with the same deadly patience, for a reversion of spoil which must follow the expected dissolution of the Monarchy. If that moment ever come it will involve Bukovina, Galicia, the country of the Little Russians, Ruthenes, and a section of Hungary within the ring of the Carpathians. It is well worth waiting for.

To the southern section belong Bulgaria, Servia, Montenegro, Croatia-Slavonia and the Slovine districts, a formidable confederacy whose latest achievements, on strict Pan-Slav lines, have been the Balkan wars, veiled rebellion in Croatia and the establishment, in America, of guilds for the education of the West.

The main objectives of the South Slavs, of whom only the Servians and the Croats really count in America, are firstly Unity, secondly the carving out of their own and their neighbors' territory a South Slav kingdom which shall revive the old glories of Dusan.

Unity is by way of being achieved. "The Croat language is Serb written in Latin; the Serb language Croat written in Cyrilline characters." True, the religion of the one people is traditionally Catholic; of the other Orthodox; but the lines of division in this field are being ruled out as essentially subordinate to the larger aims. As for the South Slav Kingdom, the idea itself involves no inherent impossibility. What it does involve is a radical change in the organism of the Dual Monarchy; a war with Hungary, to whom Croatia stands in much the same relation as Ireland does to England; a war with Italy, whose lively concern in the Trentino, the Quarnero and the

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Albanian shores is the fly in the ointment of the Triple Alliance; and the certain intervention of Germany—in a word Europe, as we know it, a historic memory. This is no lurid picture to the political vision. Europe is always in course of transition.

III

South Slavdom in America is represented chiefly by emigrants from Croatia, Slavonia and Dalmatia, Hungarian subjects who live, in the New World, for money rather than citizenship. That is not in any sense a reproach, but a simple indication that in the racial economy of the Commonwealth these are unstable and unassimilable values.

Croatian and Servian immigrants are highly organized in a political sense. They have their National Associations; funds; press organs, both in English and Servian, fearlessly advocating views whose expression would be summarily arrested in the less favored Fatherland; protagonists; orators, indeed all that makes the truculent life worth living. Of their collective influence it is sufficient to record that Stephen Dojcsics, tried last year for a bungling attempt to assassinate the Bán (Palatine) of Croatia, stated that he came direct from Chicago to Agram for that single purpose. The result of all this trouble must, from his point of view, have seemed scandalously inadequate.

At the head of the aggressive movement stands the *Narodua Hrvatska Zajednica,* an unappetizing mouthful whose home is Pittsburgh. Its most imposing credentials are a membership of 30,000 and a capital of 80,000 dollars. The *Hrvatska Savez* of New York counts 12,000 heads, that of Chicago 10,000. Cleveland, Seattle and San Francisco are a little behindhand in point of numbers and resources, but still sufficiently important to be taken into account.

In the case of purely Servian, that is Hungarian-Servian, associations, the high-water mark is a membership of 10,000. There are several such at or about this level whose names need not be catalogued. The Croatians forming no entity in international law, and their operations being directed against their own Government, it is a necessary consequence that they should

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depend rather upon their own exertions than upon State grants. No such disability attaches to the Servians who, through their chief, Michael Pupin, sometime of the Consular Service at home, received from the *mother country* * 60,000 dinar annually,—roughly 12,000 dollars. Of this sum two-thirds goes to the support of the *Srpoki Dnevnik,* a Servian daily in New York and chief organ of the Croatian and South Hungarian Servians in America. There are, of course, many other journals, upwards of twenty, which depend upon the support of their own clientèle. The *Zajednicsar* claims a circulation of 35,000 copies, nor is there reason, in this case, to discount actuarial estimates. The latest departure is the *Slavic Exponent,* a Pittsburgh journal appearing in fair English. This is framed by Pupin and Marohnics, vice-president of the union.

It is obvious that no common impulse could have moved practically the whole of the adult Hungarian sub-Croat population of America to concerted action. The bases are, of course, long-standing grievances, wrong-headed interpretations of public law, traditions of imperial glory, but, above all, the new conception of Great Servia, founded in the occupation of Bosnia and Herzgovina by the Dual Monarchy and erected into canonical truth by the successes of Servia in the recent Balkan wars.

Great Servia commands the faith of Servia herself, together with that of those Servians who, in an ethnological sense, extended her frontiers by moving into Hungarian territory to escape the onslaught of the Turks. But for the fact that the districts so occupied ran almost co-terminously with the lands of Croatia-Slavonia, Croatians would have no more than an academic interest in the new faith. As it is, the projected new Kingdom of the South Slavs has so much in its favor that no

* The term "mother country" is, from every point of view but that of the Serbo-Magyars themselves, a crude misnomer. The real mother country is Hungary herself. This people, having been domiciled in Magyar territory for six centuries or so, cannot be considered either in a derivative or a historical sense as other than an integral constituent of the Magyar body-politic. The Statute of Limitations applies, in terms of all historic precedents, to peoples as to individuals. The case-law applicable to the argument is drawn from our own records. If this claim were admitted at all it would suggest a still-existent line of cleavage between Norman and Saxon. The parallel could be pursued to meet the cases of Aragon and Castile, Inca and Peruvian, Boston and New York, . . . *ad nauseam.*

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violent disturbances of ethnological values would follow its establishment.

The position of Croatia may be justified in a sense; that of the Hungarian Servians not at all. Croatia was once a kingdom and undoubtedly able to treat on equal and independent terms with its neighbor Hungary. Juridical theories, subject, as they are, to the disadvantage of possessing national rather than international value, would justify all her State aspirations. It is curious that the Magyar, the one man in the world who, in misfortune and disaster, has preserved inviolate every formula of his public law, should not be able to appreciate this standpoint.

The position of Servians in Hungary is no different from that of Flemish weavers who came to England to escape Alva and the Great Commander; visitors in distress; refugees to be succored and comforted, but hardly encouraged to found a polity inimical to the institutions which served their need. Even Servia herself is in no case to prefer any extraordinary claim. Belgrade, her metropolis, was a Hungarian city conquered by Dusan, the parricide, in Servia's heroic age, reconquered for Hungary by the Hunyadi, the magnificent white Knight of Wallachia, and destined to be long the disputed spoil of Turk and Magyar before passing finally into Servian hands.

The movement, in its ultimate analysis, is imbedded in the theory of Great Servia, which commands the sympathetic adherence, as potential subjects, of all Serbs or Hungarians, in Bosnian and Montenegrin territory and reflects the hopes of racial unity of a Croatia squirming uneasily under Turanian dominion.

There are, of course, far-sighted Croats who enter a caveat against this tendency, and their reply is the reply of Hungary when urged by Napoleon to desert the Austrian alliance. "Better the devil we know than the devil we don't know." These are stigmatized as *Magyaron,* which, in modern Anglo-Saxon, may be rendered "*Pro-Boer.*" Copperhead is rather out of date.

For these ends the Pan-Slavs are systematically working in America, betraying those virtues of order, discipline, steady purpose, union and resolution so conspicuously lacking on the other side.

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For these ends they count upon enormous funds, the moral weight of collective effort and a truly marvellous organization headed by a strong but illiberal press. Regarded as literature, their journals are frankly demagogic, revolutionary, and not so much seditious as brazenly treasonable and inhuman. Far be it from me to suggest that revolution and moral turpitude are interchangeable terms, or that any man or set of men should be forever muzzled by the dead convention of Metternichian negativism. "When the people of England do not like a law they break it," says Bishop Ridding. The sentiment is not so providentially English that its application should be restricted to ship-money and stamp-acts. But Free Responsibility, which is what America really won at the sword's point, is not to be gained by the argument of Sicilian Vespers, nor is the sympathy of the West or the moral weight of its public opinion to be enlisted by however good a case, presented in the questionable crimson of the Kaffir who holds the second white man a vicarious sacrifice for the misdeeds of the first.

Making every allowance for facts, as that man, by the law of his evolution, is a rebel *in posse;* that settled order is the mere fetish of the well-found part of the body-corporate; that the ozonic principle of the New World conduces to exuberance; it may yet be urged that the doctrines of the Mafia are in themselves as sure evidence of defective political instinct as is the crude conception which concentrates on the exponent whilst letting the system go. Amurath to Amurath succeeds in unbroken order, but the machine moves on. What will it profit the Slav if that monarch, "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," whom, on the Day of Cyril and Method, he posted in America as treacherous, perjured, steeped in the blood of martyrs, unnatural, tyrannical, drenched with blood and tears and I know not what, end, at the pleasure of the gods, the long and sad course that he has run at their bidding? The wheel will still revolve, the system still operate.

No sensible man, Croat or American, needs the vision of the reception of a Kossuth in Broadway to teach him that America herself is the pulsating protest against old-world Byzantinism and cast-iron oppressive Bureaucracy. She is not always logical

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when confronted with phenomena sometimes beyond the prophylaxy even of Revolution, but she is consumed with the eager sympathetic interest born of experience. In proportion, then, as she is ever prepared to grant a hearing to an *ex parte* case,—and every case must, in the nature of things, be *ex parte*,—regard should always be had that her confidence be not abused, her judgment be not snapped, as it were, her moral sense be not outraged. "You can fool all of the people some of the time." The danger is that man, in the mass, finding himself trapped, is liable to take blind vengeance for an insult to his deeper feelings.

It is mere objective truth to say that Pan-Slavism is abusing American hospitality. This involves no condemnation of the conception, but solely of the method. The Pan-Slav ideal, academically viewed, is to be attained by substituting for a culture, stable and progressive, a civilization demonstrably inferior in moral and economic values. I ask any unprejudiced tribunal competent to represent the sober public opinion of the West, whether the cause of man is more likely to advance under the influence of that Magyar culture which, in a socio-political sense, does undoubtedly lead the world, than under the ægis of the politically immature and semi-barbarian South-Slav, who, in our comity, had barely passed the christening stage. And I anticipate the answer.

This applies to both Servian and Croat. The former is, of course, entirely out of court; but the Croat, if he will present it fairly, is in good case. He has a political concordat with the Magyar which is not being carried out in either letter or spirit. Times and again I have pointed out, in the name of the honor of the Magyar, in the name of international,—interstate,—*pace* the quibble,—obligation, that contractual fulfilment should be made. The courage of the Magyar, which is a legend amongst men, fails when he is faced with the necessity of putting the statute into operation, or, alternatively, with the logical necessity of repealing it and coming to terms again.

If I felt competent to offer advice to the Croat, it would run in these terms:

"Concentrate on the logic of the situation and the temper of the age. Work for federation, in which not only you but the

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components of the monarchy itself must ultimately seek salvation. That is true service to the Crown. Pause before throwing in your lot with a civilization admittedly upon the lower plane: salvation never yet lay in descent. Above all, come before the world with clean hands; blood is hopelessly out of fashion, at best a vulgar argument."

Which advice will be palatable to neither Magyar nor Slav, but will make its modest appeal to the strong and incomparable good sense of the race beyond the seas whose heritage is, in part, a political instinct always alert, never liable, in extraneous cases, to err on the side of undue partiality for the *morale* of a faith which imagines that kingdoms are to be founded by the knifing of a viceroy and that the best argument for the holding together of Society is the argument of the Thug.

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THE INTELLECTUAL AWAKENING IN ATHENS AND ITS MODERN ANALOGY

ALBERT AUGUSTUS TREVER

DURING the latter half of the fifth century B.C., a great intellectual awakening swept over all Greece. Philosophic speculation had ceased to make progress. From whatever direction it was pursued, it had led to scepticism. The old religion of Homer and Hesiod was losing its hold on the cultured classes, and called for a critical examination from its very foundations. The spread of education and culture in the Periclean age, the rise of the drama, the great commercial expansion, the imperialistic policy of Athens, which brought her into direct contact with every part of the Mediterranean world, the Peloponnesian war, which undermined the very foundations of government and patriotism,—all these facts immensely broadened the mental horizon of the Greeks, robbed life and thought of its old simplicity, and tended to create restlessness and a spirit of criticism. The Greek race came to its majority with a thrill of pride in its new found freedom and wisdom. Careless of danger, curious of life, enamored of the new and the extreme, it exhibited the spirit of the modern boy, who tears to pieces his new machine to see how it is made.

It is our purpose to paint certain dominant tendencies in this age of Greece and to point the analogy with the intellectual conditions of to-day. The fact is recognized, of course, that general tendencies do not exactly represent the actual thought and life of any time. Just as great men like Plato, Sophocles, and Aristophanes withstood their time spirit, so there are by no means wanting men to-day to oppose the trend of modern thought and life. Certain qualities, however, stand out as markedly characteristic of both periods.

1. The latter half of fifth century Greece was an age of fierce and free criticism of everything traditional. There was a seething mental restlessness. The product of the past was no longer accepted on hearsay merely. It must be tested in the white light of criticism, and all that failed to resist the fire

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must be rejected. Custom broke down. Authority was denied. The age wrote a great question-mark over everything. The uncritical superstition of Herodotus and the simple piety of Æschylus gave way to the critical doubts of Thucydides and the sceptical sneers of Euripides. Tradition, philosophical, literary, religious, moral, political, was tried before the bar of criticism with a frankness that shocked the conservative element. Nothing was so sacred as to escape. The very foundations of society were being overhauled, and the trademark of the past upon an idea or institution tended to prejudge it. It was indeed the gala-day for the new, and the chief anxiety of the cultured young Athenian of the time was to be in accord with the "consensus of modern scholarship," as represented by the Sophists, the professors of the new learning.

2. Naturally such a spirit led to scepticism and denial in religion and philosophy. The crude polytheism had done very well for a simple age, which did not examine critically into the implications of its faith. Its anomalies, rational and moral, were then, for the most part, unnoticed, and thus the old religion had served to develop the sturdy Marathonian men. But now the age of enlightenment had come, and the hoary pantheons of the Homeric Bible must go. The majority of the prominent teachers of the day were unbelievers. Protagoras was a frank agnostic; Gorgias was an absolute sceptic; Prodicus reasoned God out of the universe, while Euripides, with an ill-concealed scoff, dragged the gods from their lofty Olympus into the light of his realism, and set them up before a jury of their peers to prove their right to further toleration even as moral citizens. These are only a few reflecters of the time-spirit, which not only rationalized away the old mythologies and rejected the absurdities of the traditional faith, but even gravely questioned the reality and practical worth of religion and the supernatural altogether.

Philosophic scepticism also advanced parallel with religious denial. Scepticism had existed before in the systems of Heracleitus, Zeno, and Democritus. But here it was hardly self-conscious. It did not grasp the import of its tendencies. The new thinkers, however, were alive to this, and stated it with a

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characteristic fearlessness. The famous assertion of Gorgias was, "Nothing exists. If it did exist it could not be known. If it were known, it could not be communicated." Knowledge was frankly declared to be sensation, and thus all knowledge vanished, and truth was rendered meaningless. It was, however, by a somewhat different path that the thought of the period arrived at its utter scepticism of all truth, as will be seen in the following point.

3. This critical and sceptical spirit was accompanied by an extreme individualism. Protagoras, with his "Man is the measure of all things," merely gave expression to the most characteristic mood of his time. Society existed only for the individual. The passing opinion of each man was set up as a criterion of truth, and knowledge vanished. To be sure there was some truth in this new attitude, that reality is not external to thought, and that all knowledge has a certain relativity. It involved also the important truth that, in the last analysis, the human mind, illuminated by whatever light there is, but untrammelled by tradition or external authority, must be the judge of its own truth. Moreover, it turned philosophy from a naïve consideration of abstract being to a study of thought and perception, and prepared the way for the new sciences of Psychology, Logic, and Ethics. Its basal philosophical error was the exaggeration of the differences in individual minds, and of the illusory nature of sensation, thus making both rational truth and moral distinctions meaningless.

This extreme individualism characterized the practical, as well as the thought life of the time. Denying the reality of truth, it encouraged a lack of deep conviction and sincerity. Law, divine and human, tended to lose its authority. Justice became merely a convention, Might made right, and each man could do what was right in his own eyes. The individual self-interest of the moment was upheld as supreme, and the concept of a united, mutually helpful society was lost in that of a "mutually destructive congeries of warring units." The popular slogan was "return to nature," and this in the narrow interpretation of nature as "red in tooth and claw." Thus all law was only artificial agreement, which the weak were obliged to

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observe, while the true freeman followed the higher principle of the advantage of the stronger.

To be sure, this evil result was by no means universal in the practical life of the Athenian citizen, but the doctrine of extreme individualism was widespread and its effect can be easily traced in the political and social life of the time. Plato felt the necessity of spending his best energies refuting it, and he put into the mouth of one of his characters the assertion, "I have heard the same story on every side from Thrasymachus and innumerable others, and my ears are ringing with it." The assertion of Grote that the Athenian democracy had suffered no degeneration since the Marathon days is a strange exaggeration, in the face of the selfish and unjust attitude of Athens toward her allies, the cruel disregard of all fraternal feeling between states, the decay of patriotism, the growing spirit of irreverence for law and life's sanctities, and the general confusion and anarchy that characterized the last years of the fifth century. In the language of Holm, "The new culture was a dissolvent force. It inspired each with a desire to remodel institutions in accord with his own ideas. Disintegrating criticism was applied to all conventions; and clever people who had learned too much of Gorgias and not enough of Socrates, were just as much the cause of the fall of Athens as were men like Nicias, whose defect was excessive piety."

4. In accord with this selfish individualism in thought and practical life, the time was characterized by a tendency to discard philosophy and the ideal in education for Rhetoric and the narrow practical, defined as the advantage of the moment. Rhetoric, the practical science of persuasion, became the popular study in the Greek curriculum, as a short cut to wealth, power, and political preferment. The demand of citizens, educators, and Athenian youth alike was "give us the practical," thereby meaning "give us the short cut to vulgar success." This was what the brilliant but superficial Sophists claimed to offer. The watchword was "out to win, in spite of the commandments." Patient, sincere research was at a discount. Persuasion was more important than truth. The standard of value was a narrow and selfish utility. Effect was the *summum bonum*.

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This tendency to empty life of its idealism, and to measure all by a material standard was undoubtedly common in the Athens of that day, for the Sophists, the leaders of popular education, in laying such emphasis upon ability to speak well as the shortest road to practical success, were merely reflecting the time-spirit, and giving the people what they wanted. The same tendency is easily traced in the specious oratory of the Athenian demagogues, and the sophistic quibbles of the legal speeches, which were so ready to make the worse appear the better reason; in the utter transformation of Tragedy from the old idealism, by Euripides, in whose plays heroes masquerade in rags, royalty goes begging, the noblest characters lie and cheat with impunity, the ancient gods, bereft of their haloes, are revealed in all the weakness and meanness of their inner life, and art, idealism, and tradition alike are sacrificed to immediate effect. It appears also in sculpture, in the change from the stern idealism of Phidias to the detailed realism of Praxiteles, and in music, from the simple and homely themes to the complex, less ethical, and brilliant. It is even reflected, to some extent, in the teachings of Socrates and Plato, themselves, its bitterest opponents.

The general trend of Greek thought, then, in the age of the Sophists was more destructive than constructive, suggestive and critical than definitely upbuilding, and the effect upon practical life was the creation of a spirit of extreme individualism, which was blind to all except the selfish advantage of the moment.

It is safe to say that the past two decades present an analogy to these conditions, though the intellectual awakening of to-day is, of course, on a vastly greater scale than was that of fifth century Greece.

1. A fierce spirit of criticism is rife. Everything must enter its merciless crucible. No tradition is so hoary or holy, no belief so established as to escape. Every heritage of the past must stand the test, or be relegated to the lumber-room among the rags and scrap-iron of error. The criticism of to-day is far bolder and more effective than was that of the Greeks. Theirs was still trammelled by superstition. Its vision was necessarily narrow. Its tools were few and often dull. Reflection was in

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its infancy and the scientific spirit was yet unborn. Modern criticism, on the other hand, is markedly untrammelled. Its instruments are many and keen. It has the dispassionate spirit and skilful method of modern science. It can neither be cajoled nor threatened. It demands that all sham and trimmings must go, and refuses to accept any substitute, however apparently useful, for truth. It is thus not only vastly more effective, but a far more dangerous weapon, in unskilled hands, than ever before.

2. Such persistent criticism is producing the same general result that it did in ancient Athens. The supposedly fundamental principles of society, ethics, and philosophy are being unsettled. The worth and truth of established religion are being boldly questioned. We have gone beyond the absolute philosophic scepticism of earlier days, but our generation is involved in one of the greatest tides of religious scepticism that the world has ever seen. In Athens, criticism attacked religion chiefly because of the irrational and immoral theology of the Greek poets. Now, however, the claims of religion are being boldly denied, in many quarters, despite the purity and sublimity of its faith. The attack is all the more dangerous too, since it is not only a theoretical but a practical scepticism, which insistently demands that the church and formal worship prove their right to further existence, by producing definite fruits commensurate with the outlay. We are being told with surprising frankness, that whatever religion has accomplished in the past, its work is now done; that it holds little for the cultured man of the twentieth century; that it has ceased to satisfy the demands of his life, or to settle for him the problem of life's meaning. There is a growing disregard for the claims of the church and formal worship, and the common indifference says louder than words that, in the belief of an increasing number of thoughtful men, life's values can just as well be conserved without these.

Freedom of thought and criticism is, of course, necessary to proper development, but the danger is that, amid such frank questioning of values so long held sacred, amid the shifting of foundations, amid the bold doubts of the established truths of the past, criticism may cease to be healthful, and exist merely for its own sake. It is liable to become drunk with destructive zeal;

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to swell with pride as it stands in the midst of the idols it has shattered; to become too dogmatically sure of its so-called critical results; to over-estimate the new, and to cherish a false prejudice against the old. It is likely to engender a spirit such as Socrates found in his fellow-citizens, which because it is skilled in one thing, thinks it is called to give oracular utterance on every other subject. It is, thus, too often superficial, satisfied with negation instead of construction, with the pride of method of a budding doctor of philosophy, who discusses with most painstaking scientific criticism something of the least possible moment. It tends to uproot the plant of reverence in our lives, and to bring everything down to the street level for the vulgar jest of the crowd. It was accompanied by all these evils in ancient Athens, and it cannot be denied that lack of reverence for age, for authority, for superior wisdom, for life's sanctities generally, is a marked characteristic of our American youth to-day.

3. In accord with this spirit, just as in classic Athens, extreme individualism has been dominant in the life and thought of the past two decades. The dictum of the Sophist, Protagoras, "Man is the measure of all things," is a very popular doctrine to live by to-day. The laxity of law enforcement, the tendency to rebel against authority in any form, the violence of lynching mobs, the lawlessness of great combinations of capital and of labor unions alike, the extreme insistence upon rights instead of upon obligations, the new feminine individualism, which cries with strident note for equal recognition in politics and business, and tramples under foot the old conventions once held sacred, the appalling increase in the number of divorces in obedience to individual whim, regardless of social health, the tendency of modern philosophy to deny the existence of universal or absolute truth, the attitude so common in home, state or school, which resents any legislation that interferes with what we are pleased to call our liberties, all these are patent evidences of the dominance of this spirit in our modern life. The practical attitude of numberless men and women to-day is that of the Sophists, that laws are arbitrary restrictions, moral principles are mere conventions, and religious faith is a human invention to enslave.

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Political and industrial life alike have been made a mere arena for the strife of self and passion, as it was in Greece toward the close of the Peloponnesian war.

Such extreme individualism, whether philosophic or practical, is always false and deadly. Free thought can never mean that everyone is free to think what he likes. Might never makes right. Our freedom is always necessarily conditioned by limitation of some kind. We can get on in this world only by keeping in line with law. We cannot learn chemistry or mathematics as we please. We must learn them as they are, and the mere fact that some egotist may persist in calling H_2SO_4 water or two times two three does not make it so, even for him. He may prove it by trying to drink the one or to do business with the other. Just so, individual opinion cannot change the abiding truth in the realm of religion or morals. It is despicable to be impure or hypocritical, or selfish or irreverent in spite of anybody's or everybody's thinking to the contrary. The moral sense of the race, not individual whim, must be our standard.

4. As the selfish individualism of the age of the Sophists was marked by a rejection of the ideal for the vulgar practical, so it is with us. The dominant slogan in America to-day is the bread and butter practical, and the chief measure of value is external success. The tides of material energy are at their flood, and the ideal in all phases of life is in danger of being engulfed by the wave of practical materialism. The modern emphasis on the practical is good, if this practical is rightly defined. It is the insistence upon a practical that puts last things first, denies the worth or even the existence of the invisible, and makes the immediate selfish pleasure the *summum bonum,* that went far to destroy the Athenian civilization, and that vulgarizes our life to-day. In industry it has put property above human life and won in spite of the commandments. It has created a horde of politicians, whose vulgar song is " My Country, 'Tis of Me " ! It is the basal cause of our most acute economic and social problems. It has proclaimed abroad in our colleges the Philistine doctrine that the supreme purpose of a college education is to learn to make an easier living. It is reflected in the lack of intellectual seriousness, anxiety for immediate

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effect, striving for shrewdness and brilliancy at the expense of depth and genuineness that characterize too much of our contemporary literature. It is a dominant spirit in modern life.

However, as has been stated, the intellectual tendencies of the age of the Sophists were not unqualifiedly evil. They were necessary for the development of a larger freedom, and were rich in abiding results for the advancement of human thought. The evils were rather the result of an over-emphasis of truth.

The same may be said of to-day. It is another of the clearing up periods in human thought, when all the forces of the past seem to have broken upon us. The new enlightenment dazzles our vision, causing us to emphasize certain phases of truth unduly. Thus criticism has been too exclusively destructive, ideals have become blurred, and evils have resulted. Yet, as the age of the Sophists prepared the way for a more scientific ethics, a more critical method, a broader inquiry, a new idealism, and an exact and artistic prose style; as it created grammar, rhetoric, logic, and psychology, made possible a new philosophy of concepts, and disseminated a universal culture, so the past decade or two have not been marked by decay, but by transition, and amid the seemingly dominant spirit of negation and destruction, forces have been at work to usher in the greatest constructive age the world has ever seen. Already there are signs that the tide is turning. Extreme individualism is being curbed in business and political life. The social side is being more and more emphasized in religion, ethics, and economics. Lawlessness in high and low places is receiving its long needed rebuke. The theory of law as artificial convention is meeting its refutation. Criticism is becoming more steady, more positive, more tolerant, more sympathetic. A reaction has begun in the field of education. We are coming to see that the aim of education is not primarily superficial brilliancy, business shrewdness, or even mechanical skill, but power of thought, moral stamina, good-citizenship, idealistic vision. We are emerging from this age of negative criticism with a truth broader, brighter, profounder, with a more humanitarian ethics, with a religion more vital, more rational, and shorn of its useless credos and formalisms, with a philosophy less dogmatic, more critical of its own methods and conclusions,

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more directly related to life. We have been taught to preserve a better balance between individual initiative and social interest, and between ideal and practical. The time is now ripe for a twentieth century Plato or Kant to arise, who, starting from the vantage ground of this period of preparation, shall discard its fallacies and errors, use its new truth, and thus lead us to a new idealism in politics, industry, education, ethics, and religion.

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LEARNING TO THINK IN TERMS OF SPACES

CLAUDE BRAGDON

A POINT, moving in an unchanging direction, traces out a line. A line, moving in a direction at right angles to its length, traces out a plane. A plane, moving in a direction at right angles to its two dimensions, traces out a solid. Should a solid move in a direction at right angles to its every dimension, it would trace out, in four-dimensional space, a *hyper-solid,* that is, a four-dimensional form related to the solid as that is related to a plane, as a plane is related to a line, a line to a point.

The above is one of the best known, simplest, and most popular openings in the new game of *The Fourth Dimension* with which so many people are engaged in amusing themselves nowadays. As such, it can scarcely be improved upon, but for him who takes the Higher Space Theory seriously, who discerns in it new and profound truths closely related to life and conduct, there are other and more arduous exercises of the imagination in store. The thing that he must set himself to acquire is nothing short of *a new way of looking at the world.* This he will best accomplish by teaching himself to perceive space-systems and sequences, not alone in geometry, where they are obvious to the mind, but in the cosmos and in the natural world, where they are more often obscure.

As an initial exercise, let us proceed by successive stages from the contemplation of the greatest thing conceivable, the universe, to the most minute, the electron, and note the space-sequences which reveal themselves by this shifting of the point of view. Then let us erect our ladder elsewhere, ascending and descending, step by step, dimension by dimension, and so test the truth of Emerson's dictum, "Nature geometrizes," until we shall have learned to trust it utterly, even in regions where the senses fail us, and the mind alone leads on.

The greatest thing of which we can form any intelligible idea is the starry firmament unrolled before our vision, and made familiar to the mind through the study of astronomy. No limit to this vastitude has ever been assigned. Since the beginning

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of recorded time, the earth, together with the sun and planets, has been steadily speeding through interstellar space at the rate of about 300,000,000 miles a year, without once meeting or passing a single star. A ray of light, travelling with a velocity so great as to be scarcely measurable within the diameter of the earth's orbit, takes years to reach even the nearest stars, centuries to reach the more distant. Viewed in relation to this universe of suns, our particular sun and all its satellites—of which the earth is one—shrink to a point. That is, the earth becomes *no-dimensional.*

The mind recoils from the contemplation of a cosmos of this magnitude: let us forsake it, then, for more familiar spaces, and consider the earth solely in its relation to the sun. Now our planet appears as a moving point, tracing out a line—a *one-space*—its path around the sun. Next let us lose the sense of this motion by accompanying it, near enough to the earth so that the human beings thereon shall appear as minute moving things, in the semblance, say, of insects infesting an apple. It is clear that from this point of view these denizens have a freedom of movement in their space, the surface of the earth, of which the earth itself, the larger unit, does not stand possessed; for while the earth can follow only a *line,* its inhabitants are free to move in the two dimensions of a *plane.*

Abandoning our latest coign of vantage, let us descend in imagination and mingle familiarly among men. We now perceive that these creatures, which from a distance produced the illusion of being in close contact with the earth's surface, are erect in a direction not embraced within its plane—that they are endowed with a power of moving their members in *three* mutually perpendicular directions. Indeed, man's ability to traverse the earth's surface is wholly dependent upon his power to move in three dimensions. Observe that with each transfer of our attention from the greater unit to the smaller, we have to deal with an additional dimension.

Looking now in imagination not *at* the body of man, but *within* it, we apprehend an ordered universe as vast in proportion to that physical ultimate which we name the electron, as is the firmament to a single star. In the infinitely minute of this bodily

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organism it has been suggested that there exists a power of movement in a *fourth* dimension. Moreover, such four-dimensional movement may be the proximate cause of the phenomenon of growth, of those chemical changes whereby the organism is enabled to expand in three-dimensional space, in the same way that by a *three*-dimensional movement, the act of walking, man is enabled to traverse his two-dimensional space, the surface of the earth.

Proceed still further. Behind such organic change—presumably four-dimensional—there is the determination of some *will-to-live* which manifests itself in and to consciousness as thought and as desire. Into these things the idea of space does not enter: we think of them as in *time*. But if there are developments of other dimensions of space, thought and emotion may themselves be spatial; that is, they may find instant and perfect expression in appropriate forms. Of these, being higher-dimensional, we should be able to apprehend only the three-dimensional aspects, and to apprehend them not simultaneously, but successively—that is, as action. According to this view, a unified succession of actions, taking place in a world of three dimensions—the life, say, of an individual, or of a group—might be the dissection, the "slicing," as it were, in our time and our space, of a single higher-dimensional form.

Such a conception of what Swedenborg calls "the ascent and descent of forms" is in strict accordance with the ideas of Plato, and with the teachings of the Ancient Wisdom of the East. Madame Blavatsky says, in *The Secret Doctrine,* "Those (metaphysical) abstractions become more and more concrete as they approach our plane of existence, until finally they phenomenalize in the form of the material Universe, by a process of conversion of metaphysics into physics, analogous to that by which steam can be condensed into water, and water frozen into ice."

Following the hint contained in the above quotation, let us reverse the process sketched therein: consider, that is, not involution, but evolution. We must conceive of evolution as a struggle for, and a conquest of, space, dimension by dimension—a struggle which does not cease or end where the evidences of it vanish from our field of perception, but continues into higher

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spatial realms of which we have no knowledge founded on ordinary experience. For evolution, as the word implies, is a *drawing out* from latency into objective reality—which can only be into spatial extension—of that which is inherent. That this process follows an exact geometrical sequence becomes evident as soon as we observe it with this idea in mind.

Consider first the three familiarly known states assumed by matter, solid, liquid, gaseous, and their transformation one into another under the influence of heat. A solid, set in free motion, can only follow *a line,* as in the case of a thrown ball. A liquid has the added power of lateral extension; its tendency, when intercepted, is to spread out in the two dimensions of a *plane,* as in the case of a griddle-cake; while a gas expands universally in three dimensions, as shown by a soap-bubble. It is a reasonable inference that the fourth state of matter, the electrical, is four-dimensional, and that there are states beyond this related to still higher developments of space.

Growth implies extension in space, and this struggle for space by which alone growth is achieved goes on everywhere and endlessly. Micro-organisms destroy and devour one another; plants contend for soil, air and moisture; animals wage deadly warfare in their ceaseless search for food. To this rule man is no exception: nations scheme, intrigue, and fight for land—and for wealth, its synonym—a nation's puissance being measured by the extent of its domain, or by its power to plant its flag and push forward its frontiers in the territory of its neighbors. The self-same impulse drives the individual. One measure of the difference between men in efficiency is the amount of space each can command: one, a house and grounds in a locality where every square inch has an appreciable value; another, some fractional part of a lodging house in the slums. When this bloodless, but none the less deadly, contest for space becomes acute, as in the congested quarters of great cities, man's ingenuity is taxed—and developed—in devising effective ways of augmenting his space-potency by burrowing beneath the earth and by piling storey upon storey—that is, by expanding in a direction not before natural to him. This third-dimensional extension, typified, let us say, in the skyscraper, is only the latest phase of

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a conquest of the earth's surface which began with the line made by the trail of the first pioneer through an untracked wilderness.

Next consider Nature's method of evolution in the vegetable world and note how she "geometrizes." From the seed—a point—springs a *line* system, in stems, twigs, branches; these put forth leaves—*planes*—and from them come fruit—*solids*.

The same sequence is equally traceable in the products of man's ingenuity and skill, for when man essays the part of creator he cannot do otherwise than follow Nature's method. As Emerson said of Michael Angelo, "Himself from God he could not free." Consider the evolution of any building from its inception to its completion. It is conceived, first of all, in the mind of the architect. He gives his idea its initial physical embodiment by making, with a pencil-*point, lines* on a *plane* (a piece of paper), the third dimension being represented through and by means of the other two. With the architect's plans for a guide, the engineer establishes his points, lays out his angles, and runs his lines upon the actual site, and of the actual sizes. The mason then puts in his footing courses, making permanent and ponderable the lines established by the engineer. These lines he transforms, in due course, into vertical planes in the shape of walls. Floors and roof—horizontal planes—follow, until some portion of three-dimensional or solid space has been enclosed. Substantially the same sequence holds, whatever the kind of building, or the character of construction, whether a steel-framed skyscraper, or a wooden shanty. A *line* system, represented by columns and girders in the one case and by studs and rafters in the other, becomes, by some system of overlay or interposition, a system of *planes* so correlated and combined as to produce a *solid*.

With almost everything of man's creating—be it a bureau or a battleship—the process is as above described. First, a pattern to scale; next, an actual linear framework; then planes defining a solid. Everything may be conceived of thus in terms of dimensions. Consider almost any of the industries practised by man throughout the ages; for example, those ancient ones of weaving and basket-making, wherein lines (threads in the one case, rushes in the other) are wrought into planes to clothe a

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body or to contain a burden. Or think, if you choose, of the modern industry of book-making, wherein types are assembled, impressed on sheets of paper, and bound into volumes—*points, lines, planes, solids.* The book in turn becomes the unit of a new dimensional order, the serried shelves forming lines, which, combined into planes, comprise the library's lining.

These are truisms: what have they to do, it may be asked, with the idea of *higher* spaces? They have everything to do with it, for in achieving the enclosure of any portion of solid space the limit of known dimensions has been reached without having come to any end. More dimensions—higher spaces—are required to account for higher things. All of the products of man's ingenuity are inanimate except as he himself animates them. They remain as they were made, machines, not organisms. They have no inherent life of their own, no power of growth and reproduction. In this they differ from animate creation because the highest achievement of the creative faculty in man in a mechanical way lacks the life principle possessed by the plant. And as the most perfect machine is inferior in this respect to the humblest flower that grows, so is the highest product of the vegetable kingdom inferior to man himself, the maker of the machine, because man can *think* about his own and the world's becoming, while a plant can only *become*. What is the reason for these differences of power and function? The higher-space hypothesis furnishes a partial solution of this enigma. It attributes these differences to varying potencies of movement in the secret causeways and corridors of space. The higher functions of consciousness—thought, volition, emotion—it correlates with the higher powers of numbers, and with the corresponding higher developments of space. The acceptance of such a view makes the difference between physics and metaphysics—a difference of degree, and not of kind. Evolution is then conceived of as a continuous pushing back of the boundary between representation and reality, at the cost of the transcendental part of the world and in favor of the perceived part.

There is one aspect of the higher-space hypothesis which would justify conclusions of this order: the demonstration, namely, by means of it, that our sense of time may be only an

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imperfect sense of space. If we conceive of space as containing an infinite number of dimensions, and of consciousness as a moving—or rather as an expanding—point within this infinitely dimensional space, embracing, one by one, by means of appropriate vehicles of vibration, its infinity of potencies of movement in various directions, what logically follows? This: at every stage of the evolutionary progress, that which has been captured by consciousness takes on the space form, while that which it has not yet apprehended, and is in process of making its own, takes on the time form. That is to say, the *simultaneity* which is beyond a consciousness at any given grade to master, is presented to it *successively,* and thus apprehended. A worm, for example (which may for our purpose be taken to represent a two-dimensional consciousness inhabiting a plane), requires *time* to examine an angle or a hole, things which we, as three-dimensional beings, apprehend easily without the aid of the time form.

To show how much more largely time enters into the lower-dimensional aspects of consciousness relative to the higher, consider the predicament of a number of people wandering through the alleys of a labyrinth, or maze, and compare it to the advantage possessed by one who, having found the centre, has climbed aloft to the place of observation in the third dimension, from which the plan of the maze is plain and the peregrinations of his less fortunate fellows are readily apparent. The vicissitudes of these self-condemned wanderers, shut out from everything except the alley each has elected to follow, meeting and passing in succession others in similar plight, may be compared to our human predicament as we journey through this maze of life. Death is for us the end of this journey. Do we, at death, enter the eyrie of the fourth dimension, from which life is now perceived in its entirety and its meaning is made plain? Such surely is the hope of all, the belief of many, and if we may credit the testimony of the illumined, the certainty of the few. The higher-space hypothesis gives to the idea of immortality a curious validity and coherence, opening up to the imagination new vistas of progress, new possibilities of power.

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THE NEW MOTHERHOOD

FLORENCE KIPER

"THE fundamental instincts of men and women do not change, but their direction can be changed," says Havelock Ellis, in *The Task of Social Hygiene*. "The wild outcry of many unbalanced persons to-day, that a falling birth-rate means degeneration and disaster, is so altogether removed from the sphere of reason that we ought perhaps to regard it as comparable to those manias which, in former centuries, have assumed other forms. . . . The change is toward a higher transformation, introducing a finer economy into life, diminishing death, disease and misery, making possible the finer ends of living, and at the same time indirectly and even directly improving the quality of the human race." So speaks one of the greatest writers in the field of social ethics.

Whether we disapprove or not, it is undoubtedly a fact that our so-called "best" women are refusing a prolific motherhood. Not only in the United States, in France, in England, in other countries of complex culture, is the race being bred from the lower economic classes; but among the nations themselves there exists what seems to some a formidable tendency of the less civilized to crowd out by numbers the peoples of a higher civilization. In this computing, the death-rate, of course, the infant mortality, must be taken into account as well as the birth-rate, a fact overlooked by many superficial calamity-prophets. Nevertheless, there is valid enough cause for alarm to those so minded, in the voluntary restriction of breeding by the élite in wealth, in culture, in intellectual attainments.

It has been suggested—and that not mildly—by those enamored of the old order, that the emancipation of woman has been purchased at too great a price if it means the renunciation by her of her highest function, that of motherhood. It were better that she eschew college education, politics, economic independence, rather than her unique and privileged mission. At the door of the wilful and restless desire of women to usurp man's place in the social order, has been laid much of the blame

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of her refusal to bear and rear children that shall presumably be an honor to her and to the State.

The obverse of the medal has been too little considered—this fact: that one of the fundamental causes of her present emancipation is her relief from excessive child-bearing and from the affectional responsibilities that have entwined her. There are many reasons for a lowered birth-rate—among others, economic and industrial changes, the decay of religious authority, an increasing familiarity with Neo-Malthusian methods. But whatever the causes, the result is scarcely disputable. "Race-suicide" has meant, for good or ill, the freedom of women.

To think of all mothers of yesterday, all mothers of a numerous brood, as in a state of unwilling slavery, is of course ridiculous. Even then many husbands were indulgent and forbearing, and the rewards of motherhood, in spite of the arduousness of its cares, often rich and satisfying. But to the wife who found her condition intolerable, there was little relief. Rendered unfit physically for independent effort by her many pregnancies, restrained by her unwillingness to desert her children or to plunge them into social opprobrium and poverty, she was scarcely as free to escape from domestic misery as a modern wife who may have only one or two children to support if she leave her husband! She was scarcely as free to make terms with man. It would require some sentimentalizing to conceive of her as his equal in the business of living.

But what of the beautiful virtues of self-abnegation! What of the higher altruism! Our age is an easy age and a soft one, it has been noted. We are losing the old splendid qualities—the heroism of the soldier on the battlefield, the smiling courage of the mother in child-birth. What we are seeking in the name of self-development is but self-indulgence and an anarchical disregard of obligation.

Our age, it is true, is a not very reverent age, a sceptical age, one questioning the traditions. It is doubting the dignity in the lot of a soldier driven to martial courage by conscription. It is finding but attenuated beauty in unwilling motherhood, though submission be in the name of God or of social duty. It has asked itself this question and the answers are perturbing—For

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what and for whom are we breeding humanity if it be not for humanity itself?

The State has bred men for war and the Church for the peopling of Heaven. The old sanctions still have their validity, but a new ideal is formulating—a vision of human happiness, of a humanity that shall not so blindly be played upon by the forces of social life, but shall itself bend those forces to its own needs and to its liberation. The kingdom of human living, whose opportunities we have grievously bungled, may yet be made an estate fit for the soul of man, if he so wishes.

The old sanctions are losing their validity—and the "next generation" fallacy is assuming new aspects. Many who have lost belief in a personal immortality are finding a satisfaction in the immortality of the species—the projection of the individual into the future by means of the beings he shall beget, and so on forever. Modern social ethics is talking much of the importance of the child and of our obligations to the unborn who shall succeed us. The "thou-shalt-nots" of sex-morality preached to women, are preached largely in the name of her covenant with the next generation. One is led at times to deduce that, the world being in such parlous state, it were better to desert the whole business, so far as present development and happiness be concerned, and turn our attention—the prospective mothers of us, at least—to the creation of new beings who shall, presumably, have few of the failings of the old.

The sons of such mothers shall be the effective leaders of the new society. But the daughters? Shall they in turn be taught to be the mothers and nurturers of new male minds and bodies? So it would seem from the preachings of such as advocate the highest development and freedom of woman—yes! but in the name, always and forever, of her distinctive mission of motherhood.

If we have any belief in life and are hopeful thereof, we know that the present moment and we ourselves are as important as any time or peoples that have preceded or shall come after. We know that we as women are not the channels of the future generation, but are the vital partakers of these years and this span of life allotted, which we shall live as freely and richly

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as may be. Whether we shall not live more richly through the enlargement of our lives by the creating of new life, is another matter—and one that shall be spoken of later.

Ellen Key, in her articles on *Education for Motherhood,* quotes from "a well-known botanist." "A single microscopic cell from which one great human being springs is of greater importance to the race than the painstaking efforts of a hundred thousand child-rearers and educators with a child-material below par." Is this snobbishness of the intellectual élite justified by experience? Must it be assumed that only from the mating of the elect will come the saviours of the race?—for the argument is thus used. And would not these same saviours, were they true "great human beings," set to work these hundred thousand child-rearers and educators, knowing that if the "child-material below par" be not nurtured and given its opportunity, it would little profit the souls of a few of us to be saved as brands from the burning? Indeed, it is unbelievable that there should be a cry for breeding and ever more breeding, when children innumerable crowd the city slums, deprived of air and of spiritual breathing-place, or in small towns and little farm-houses grow dull and vicious through lack of appeal to the imagination and the intellect. Society as a whole cannot be too thankful to those women who, celibate in body, have given themselves to the rearing of this "child-material below par," in the belief that the world is not for its superman, but for the many.

Society is at last doling out its meed of praise to these "mothers of humanity." It is still viewing with trepidation, however, the highly individualized woman, the artist type, the egoist, who finds in herself and her own powers sufficient justification for her existence. And it is scolding roundly the woman of empty leisure, vain and pleasure-seeking, perverted by urban existence, who snaps her gay fingers at duty and refuses childbearing on the plea of her health and the high cost of living.

Nevertheless, do not the women who for such reasons repudiate motherhood, in the eyes of these same haranguing reformers, by that very token stigmatize themselves as unfit for their high function? It may be that motherhood would prove their education, but an adequate motherhood presupposes—does it not?—

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maturity and moral fitness. If women who do not wish children are self-indulgent and lazy, or "unwomanly," will the children of such women be a marked acquisition to the social body?

If it is something more than mere numbers that we are seeking—food for the cannon or slave-hands for the industries—if it is a better generation that we desire, then little or nothing is to be gained by the coercion of women into a reluctant motherhood; much, on the other hand, by an increasing freedom of choice. Even a thorough-going opponent of race-suicide must acknowledge the superior chances of a child brought forth with rejoicing and tended with love. Unless he be devoted to the conception of women as bundles of instincts rather than personalities, he must grant that the woman who makes voluntary choice of motherhood is, because of that very desire, somewhat better qualified than the woman who does not so choose.

The ideals of the new motherhood are but slowly emerging. The feminist movement has as yet only vaguely formulated a philosophy. A vast ferment is in process. Women, the most of them, know that they want something. Many men desire it for them. The clamor and the grasping is all for—what? Liberty? An empty name unless it be construed specifically. Political freedom? A moiety, and the desire for it perhaps but a symptom. Economic independence? So tangled is our industrial life, so binding a slavery for the many, that the words have at present little meaning. If the feminist movement is to lay hold on any tendencies out of the fluid ebb and flow of reactions and desires, its most valuable contribution will be the formulation of those tendencies toward a better sex-relationship and consequently toward a better motherhood.

For motherhood—though certain writers seem rather to ignore the assumption— presupposes fatherhood also. Woman, to be sure, is more obviously concerned with the child than is man. Not only is she more concerned physically, but society has relegated to her much of the intellectual and spiritual nurture of the growing mind. On the other hand, modern hygiene has revealed startlingly the obligations of physical fatherhood—the transmission of an untainted heredity and such consideration of

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the prospective mother as shall conduce to a healthy birth. The eugenics that is visioning the future with a prophetic fervor will demand much more than physical fitness. It will demand that the spiritual environment of the child be one of quick sympathies, of fine intuitions, of flexibility and humor, of free and joyous impulses—in short, of that perfection of the art of living that is possible only to a man and a woman who are mated—and not married merely! Until such mating is possible, motherhood—the new motherhood—is impossible also.

In our present society it is perhaps idle to speak of the choice of motherhood and of volition. The very preponderance in numbers of women over men in most countries of civilization condemns a certain proportion to what is often an unwilling celibacy. Among those who do marry, so large a number marry for economic support or for other social considerations, that one can scarcely pronounce dogmatically what is often thus pronounced—the law that every woman, not abnormal, yearns to be wife and mother. Until society is more flexible than now and the many artificial conventions hedging women are worn down and broken through, we cannot know how valid is the assumption.

In a society such as the ideals of the feminist movement foreshadow, woman will be freer to choose her mate as a personality, not as a dispenser of goods, financial or otherwise. If she prefer to be unmated, she will have her work and her worth, independent of her value as a sex-commodity. There may be even an increasing number of childless marriages contracted by men and women who prefer the comradeship of the monogamic relation, but who, because they are fearful of begetting progeny physically unfit or because of their absorption in their separate tasks, do not wish offspring.

It is reasonable to assume, however, that many persons—the majority, doubtless—will desire children. Even the busiest professional woman may make space in her life for at least one child—not as a matter of duty, but of high privilege and joy. We of modern thought are not so insistent as was the Puritan on the divorce of duty and inclination. There may even come a time when moral obligation will be synonymous with joy, when

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we shall realize the fructifying power of happiness, the blighting influences of misery and ennui. Then we shall ask for the child as a matter of course, that it be a child desired and eagerly welcomed, and the "sacrifice" of the mother will be to her but the negligible price paid for a noble happiness.

To the woman who desires motherhood as a vocation—and under wiser social conditions there may be many such—a most fascinating occupation is ready. She has the whole world from which to choose for her material. Biology, hygiene, gynecology, for the coming life, and in the care of the growing child psychology, the many pedagogical methods, the study of the peculiar problems of adolescence—astronomy, poetry, civics, ethics, comparative religions—indeed, at no point can she touch the multiform world with understanding and enthusiasm without adding to her equipment of motherhood. A great mother would be a personality more vivid and more sane than any that our civilization of specialized vocations could furnish.

Motherhood as an occupation should mean, of course, a large enough family to justify a woman's exemption from other work. The wife who accepts a lifelong support in exchange for her potential motherhood, or for the few years of her life given to the bearing and rearing of one or two children, is in an ignoble position and one that self-respecting women are beginning to find uneasy. The tradition evidently still exists that a woman has sufficient work in the modern home. This is not so—or when it is, except in cases of poverty, it is because of our stupidity in not simplifying the mechanics of living.

More and more must we demand that women be freed from unmeaning drudgery—and from the enervating influences of support in return for sex, in marriage or out of it. Only by self-assertion and by self-development through the work which she may elect, will woman come into her own. And if she does, we need not fear for motherhood. We shall know perchance then that, until then, we had not dreamed of its glories and its consummations.

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IN CRYPTS UNCANDLED

MAHLON LEONARD FISHER

I THINK they wear a mask of apathy
Who have for long been dead: the kind of pride
They knew in life meseems moves each to hide,
As best he may, the yearning none might see
In crypts uncandled, where, eternally,
They weave their dreams: the tide death failed to stem,
Of gentle self-respect, still pledges them
To feign indifference to what may be.
Yea, in that Winter, where no seeds are sown,
Save those of loneliness, who loiter there,
As in an antechamber, veil despair,
Meseems, beneath a hebetude of stone:
So many Springs gone by, while yet they grope
For the lost latch, haply have smothered hope.

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THE LEMON SEED

ROBERT RUDD WHITING

"GOOD morning, Mr. Bleeker," said the present head of the firm briskly. "And how are we getting on this morning?"

The drab little man on the high stool lifted his pen from the ledger long enough to say very gravely, "Things are going very well, sir."

Save for vacations and holidays this had been the daily formula for almost forty years. The present head of the firm had learned his part of it from his father. Mr. Bleeker's part of it through all that time had been executed by Mr. Bleeker.

"How are *we* getting on"—"*Things* are going very well"—that had been the keynote of Mr. Bleeker's whole existence. From his boyhood, way back in the days when New York was filled with New Yorkers, he had never felt himself a part of anything; he had never thrown his lot in with any other human being sufficiently to justify the use of the pronoun "we." With Mr. Bleeker it had always been "it"—something outside of himself, something of which he was no part—that was doing well or ill.

He was like the old New York houses down in the quiet part of town in which he lived. There were whole rows of them, all of the same pattern, with their crumbling brownstone façades, their high stoops and obtrusively unobtrusive respectability. Each had an unexplainable air of detachment, aloofness from the neighboring houses that shared the same side walls with it; one felt that if they were suddenly to come to life no one of them would dream of referring to the whole row as *we*. They suggested meek little old gentlemen with thin, colorless hair, whose rusty black coats needed brushing above the narrow shoulders. They suggested Mr. Bleeker. One of the several which had fallen upon boarding-house days housed him in a tiny hall bedroom on the fourth floor back.

The same attitude of detachment and aloofness had characterized Mr. Bleeker all his life. In his younger days he had

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occasionally gone to the theatre. He had seen *Evangeline* at Niblo's Garden, and *Pocahontas* with Burroughs; and he remembered Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett as if it were only yesterday. But never had he once said to his companion when it was over: "My, didn't we have a good time!"—or, "a bad time," as the case might have been. It was always "Wasn't it splendid?" or, "Weren't they dull?"—never *we;* always *it* or *they*.

Once, years and years ago, there had been a girl; a slender, pure-eyed maid with all the sweet calm and simplicity of a great lady. She had seemed really to care, and Mr. Bleeker would have spoken, but—well, he told himself that it was because she was richer than he. But was it not more probably only another instance of his inherent shyness of becoming *part* of anything? Of being compelled to look out upon life from the standpoint of *we?*

From time to time, more frequently in later years, Mr. Bleeker had felt a vague dissatisfaction with his life. Hitherto he had made no attempt to formulate these feelings; merely tucked them away in the pigeon-holes of his sub-conscious mind, and had gone on making fine, spidery entries in his ledgers. But at last there came a morning when, after the head of the business had made his customary inquiry as to "how are we getting on," Mr. Bleeker hesitated expectantly for a moment before giving the usual assurance that "things are going on very well, sir."

It was the fortieth anniversary of his employment by the firm and he had rather hoped, half expected, that the head of the business might—But, oh well, he told himself, what difference did it make? Why should one take particular notice of any one day merely because it happened to be the anniversary of something or other?—Same work, same number of hours and minutes, same everything.

But Mr. Bleeker was trying to deceive himself. Anniversaries *are* different from other days. Anniversaries are the times at which we take stock of all that has happened to us in the past. We drag out from the dusty corners of our memories all the half formulated hopes and disappointments which

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we were too busy to take note of at the time, and we arrange these and compare them and balance up our totals. It is on anniversaries that we figure out the profit and loss of life, and determine the solvency or insolvency of our happiness.

And the stock-taking of himself on this fortieth anniversary, in spite of his efforts to keep his mind entirely on the firm's figures, plainly showed Mr. Bleeker that after all the years he had been in the business of life he was unsuccessful. As far as the things that really count go—friendships, joys, sorrows—he was insolvent. It wasn't the material things that made him a failure; it did not trouble him because in all these years he had not advanced in position; it was not because he had been walking on a treadmill and now, after the better part of a lifetime, a little tired, a little feeble, found himself at the point at which he had started. It was something else that made him the failure he was.

Through some whim, perhaps because the day was an anniversary, his mind went back to the big family gatherings at his grandfather's. No anniversary was overlooked. He remembered the long, high-ceilinged old room, the table with its legs curved as if bowing under the weight of the great bowl of fragrant punch—Ah, that was it! The memory of that punch showed him why he had been a failure.

Once as a little boy he had been permitted to watch his grandfather brew that wonderful punch. He remembered how the sugar had dissolved in the fruit juices, and the juices had blended with the spirits, and the spirits with the wines—everything but the lemon seeds. Even when the ice had finally melted down, the lemon seeds were still whirling around and around, intact, with every stirring. He remembered his grandfather's amusement when he asked if they, too, would not finally dissolve. That was it: he was like those lemon seeds in the punch: he was *in* life, but he could never become part of it; no matter how deeply stirred he might sometimes have been, he had never been able to dissolve and blend with the rest of it. He——

Mr. Bleeker stopped short and bit his lip as he found his pen making a 9 instead of a 6; things were certainly upside down with him this fortieth anniversary.

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At lunch hour when he was leaving the little restaurant around the corner, the pretty girl at the cashier's desk pointedly ignored the flirtatious young man who paid his check just ahead of him. Mr. Bleeker vaguely envied the young man because he had been ignored pointedly. The ignoring of Mr. Bleeker was always perfectly unconscious. All afternoon he became more and more dissatisfied with himself.

On his way home that night he heard a little street urchin shout over to his pal: "How did de Giants come out?"

"We won in de tent'," was the cheerful reply.

"We?" mused Mr. Bleeker. "We?" But the Giants were professional ball players—grown men. He had often, much to his annoyance, heard the younger clerks speaking of them.

It was a balmy spring evening, and here and there a man and a young woman lingered by a hallway, speaking in low voices. At such times Mr. Bleeker quickened his pace a trifle. He felt very lonesome, very—detached.

That night, in his dingy old walnut bed, Mr. Bleeker lay awake brooding over his grievances. All his life it had been *they* against *him*. If only . . . He turned over and tried to go to sleep. He began to count sheep going over a fence—thirty-nine, forty, forty-one . . . If only . . . He flopped over on his other side and tried to concentrate his mind on snow falling, falling, softly, softly. . . . It was winter time. The snow was piled high on the brownstone steps and his grandfather was stirring, stirring at a gigantic punch that was getting bigger and bigger. And with every stirring Mr. Bleeker, very small and very helpless, was sent whirling around on the surface. At last the stirring stopped and Mr. Bleeker, dripping and dizzy from the fragrant fumes, was lifted out for inspection. Then he heard his grandfather's voice, measured and mournful, say: "I'm afraid I never can make it dissolve," and he was dropped into the bowl again. As he struck the surface he awoke with a start, cold and sweating.

How many hours he tossed and twisted he could not know. It seemed eternity. His brain was going around like a squirrel cage. God, if it would only stop long enough for him to get a

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fresh start and think. Would morning never come? He *couldn't* stand it. He couldn't *stand* it.

He got up and feverishly put on his clothes. Stealing out of his room, he felt his way softly down the dark stairs. After a moment's fumbling at the chain he cautiously opened the front door and slipped outside. In the fresh night air he paused a moment, his hand still on the knob. Suddenly, as if seized by a panic, he slammed the door after him with a bang that must have reverberated through the old house, rushed down the steps and walked and walked and walked. Across town, down town, he knew not where he went. He only knew that he must walk, walk until the things in his head were tired—so tired that they *must* stop.

After midnight and before dawn, when the night is worn and bedraggled and the day has not yet started to arise, there comes a time when it seems as if some great vampire were hovering over the earth, sucking the vitality out of every living creature. It is the hour when sick men most often yield to death; when strong men become cowards, and weak men seek to escape their burdens by suicide.

It was at this hour that Mr. Bleeker found himself walking down a wide, deserted avenue. The sound of distant thunder, nearer, nearer, and then a roaring, hammering demon swept by on the elevated structure above his head. A gaunt grey cat, startled from its feast at an overturned garbage can, darted across his path and shot into the inky darkness of a cellarway. Mr. Bleeker shuddered.

At the next corner the street sign on a lamp-post caught his eye. The Bowery! The name suggested visions of climbing roses and the dark, cool shadows cast in bright sunlight. He smiled bitterly at the irony of it and quickened his weakening pace. The piercing shriek of a fire engine's whistle in the distance—or was it the death shriek of the banshee?—chilled him to the marrow. Ugh! . . . .

And there—at the end of the street—what *was* that awful thing—like some gigantic insect with horrid luminous eyes—all angles—spanning the whole street with its monstrous, sharp-jointed legs?

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Ah, yes: the bridge entrance—the Brooklyn Bridge! He paused and drew his hand across his forehead. He had once shown the bridge to a man from out of town and knew it perfectly. Yes, it was only the Brooklyn Bridge. And yet how eerie, how uncanny it seemed in the weird, dim light of the dawn, for now the sky was streaked with greys. The terrible vampire of the hour before was slowly rising, drawing up her skirts, her claws dripping with—Mr. Bleeker clenched his fists as if hanging on to something—dripping with the vitality and will power of her victims. Men had jumped from the Brooklyn Bridge and found death in the river below. He remembered wondering at the time—

"I will," he muttered, striding forward with fresh determination. "If the lemon seed can never become part of the punch, take it out of the punch and throw it away. I will!"

Absurd and ridiculous? Assuredly; especially in broad daylight. But to poor little Mr. Bleeker, distraught and unbalanced in the depressing grey of dawn, the idea was noble and heroic.

He climbed the bridge steps and strode through the covered approach with the bold, determined step of a drunken man bent upon proving his sobriety. Out on the bridge the fresh morning air struck him sharply. Ahead of him the sky was daubed with broad smears of light, as if Nature, remembering that Brooklyn is farther away from its daily work than Manhattan, found it necessary to awaken it a trifle earlier.

Below the promenade, practically deserted at this hour, was the driveway. Two or three heavy trucks rumbled along. A trolley car scurried by. Far down beneath the driveway rolled the wide river, patient and silent, ready to bear its daily burden of the city's commerce and traffic. Mr. Bleeker was about to seek death in its life. Would he in turn find life in death? He wondered.

The height made him dizzy, and, as if afraid of falling, he veered away from the railing. How did they do it, he wondered. He would have to drop to the driveway to reach the outer edge; and the drop was too great; he would surely—He

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shook the unpleasant thought from him. Perhaps farther on there would be a place.

He passed under the stately gothic arches of the great stone pier. The indefinite daubs of light in the sky ahead of him had now taken form in great streaks of pale gold radiating upward from the silhouetted Brooklyn skyline. Pausing to follow their course, he turned, and looked back toward the city he had left.

He gasped.

Tower upon tower, green and ivory and gold, piling up higher and higher until it seemed they must pierce the heavens themselves! 'Twas like some magic dream city of the Arabian Nights, but with a strength of purpose and a virility never known to Oriental imagination.

Joseph Pennell, with his artist's gift of seeing beauty where beauty is, rather than where beauty ought to be, has seen this unbelievable city, and felt the thrill of it.

And Mr. Bleeker, too, forlorn and soul-hungry on the bridge before dawn, felt the thrill of it.

Even as he stood there, spellbound, a ray of the still invisible sun caught the topmost pinnacle and kindled it into a blaze of golden glory. Slowly, slowly, it descended. Now the next highest tower had caught. Then another. And another. Now the peaks of the whole unbelievable city were bathed in gold. It was as if the hand of God were gently awakening the work of man. And then, suddenly,—in some way Mr. Bleeker knew it without turning,—the sun rose back of Brooklyn.

Mr. Bleeker, with unconscious reverence, took off his hat.

"Wonderful!" he murmured.

What a monument to its builder!—to the builders of every brick and stone of it; to the builders of even the dingy little shadow-buried houses in the foreground that gave the noble towers their majestic height, and accentuated their golden glory. It was a monument to the men and women who, by their faithful industry, had made it all possible; to the Wall Street king and the great merchant; yes, and even to the newsboy in the streets and the humble pushcart pedler—for even the meanest of them had done his part; even—

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Mr. Bleeker suddenly straightened up and drew a deep breath. There was a new light in his eye, and, as he walked slowly toward the wonderful vision before him, a new firmness in his step.

Mr. Bleeker, his eyes bright and strangely youthful in spite of the dark circles under them, was at his customary ledger at the usual hour.

"Good morning, Mr. Bleeker," said the present head of the business. "And how are we getting on this morning?"

"Things"—Mr. Bleeker, slightly confused, stopped short. Then, with almost eagerness: "We're doing splendidly, sir."

The head of the business, noting the slight variation of the time-honored formula, smiled approvingly. "Good for *us!*" he said, with a cheery nod of his head.

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THE WILL

HEWES LANCASTER

"ME," Madame François said wistfully, "when I die I should wish to leave will."

"Will," Madame Moise took up brightly, "but, yes! It would be fine for you to leave will."

Madame Moise was nothing if not eager, and always she was sympathetic. She did not know much about the François, they were new people who had moved to the Bayou only a few years ago, but she knew all about the note that tells of a troubled longing. Having responded warmly to this note in the old Madame's tone, she added honestly:

"Well, me! I wish to know what *will* is, maybe?"

Madame François grew gracious.—Poor little shrivelled Madame that she was, a woman who had had no children, whose opinion was therefore held in such slight regard along the Bayou. How she warmed in the glow of giving knowledge. How she bent her worn old body about, and wove meaning into the air with her thin old fingers that she might give the information nicely!

"Will is paper woman leave when she die. She hide it. Hide it in drawer——"

"In drawer," uttered Madame Moise. And because she was keen of wit and could not help seeing things as they were, she had a swift vision of Madame François' house and its furnishings—shelves on the wall, bed in the corner,—not a drawer in either living room or kitchen. How could Madame François leave a paper hidden in a drawer? She hesitated politely:

"In drawer, yes. If——?"

Madame François' glance grew more gracious, her fingers more vibrant. Ah, it was indeed true that she had had no children! But, had she not read books? Three of them? Not such reading books as children read at school, but books with paper backs and fine print that made her screw up her eyes to read it. Books that Madame Moise with all her wit and

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worth and wisdom could not have read at all. Out of her learning she leaned to say kindly:

"If woman have not drawer in her house she can leave will hid in mattress."

"In mattress?" Madame Moise's tone was frankly incredulous.

Madame François beamed upon this amazement:

"'T is so I read in book, and it is plenty book I have read, God knows. T'ree!"

"T'ree book?" Madame Moise was impressed.

"T'ree," assented Madame François, and she sighed. "Ah, heaven, it is plenty money I have pay for book—ten, fifteen, vingt-cinque sous for one."

"Vingt-cinque sous!" cried Madame Moise.

"Vingt-cinque sous," repeated Madame François, and let her hands fall, for, indeed, it was the twenty-five cent book that had put an end forever to her literary purchasings. Monsieur, her husband, who had long pondered upon the continual shortage of coffee and sugar in his house, had come upon her in the book store, and had taken unto himself then and thereafter the expenditures for groceries. Still it was not so bad. Madame had the three books she had already bought. Books that told of wills hidden in drawer, in mattress, and in secret panel. What a secret panel might be, Madame did not know, but the books about the drawer and the mattress appealed. She read and reread. The search, the excitement, the dramatic dénouement: Madame François had drunk deep of it. There would, she thought, be some thrill in dying if one were leaving a hidden will behind. And she who had lived her life so lifelessly longed most wistfully for this final fling at death. And yet how could she write a will when she had no treasure to bequeath?

"But, me, I have no pouch of gold to hide." How often and how sadly she had considered this. Nor had she any priceless parchment such as the book told about. Madame François, indeed, had not a thing in the world that she might leave hidden to be searched for, and dramatically found, after she was dead.

Madame Moise had understood all this before Madame François made brave admission of it, saying brightly:

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"Eh bien, if I wish to leave will I reckon, me, it is pretty soon I must get me somet'ing to hide, ha?"

They laughed together over it, saying good-bye gaily; but Madame Moise carried a sad refrain home with her in her heart.

"Pretty soon. But, yes! pretty soon. Madame François was old even for a 'Cajan. Her lips and her lids hung loosely, her hands trembled when she talked. If she wish to hide something in mattress, it is pretty soon she must hide it. And yet what could she hide?"

Madame Moise's shrewd head could find no answer, nor could her pitying heart put the thing aside, so at supper she made sudden appeal to her big Monsieur, saying:

"Oh, cher! If Madame François wish to leave somet'ing for somebody when she die, what it is she could leave, maybe?"

Now this big Monsieur was the Monsieur to whom all the Bayou made its appeal in time of trouble, and he had formed the habit of meeting each demand upon his sympathy promptly and well. Let the crisis be what it might, Monsieur would meet it with his kindly, slow-spoken "Sho."

Monsieur said "Sho," to Madame's appeal, and again, "Sho." Then he considered carefully as he always did before he gave further counsel:

"Eh, bien, Bébé, I reckon, me, Madame François could leave some chicken, some duck, maybe."

"Mais oui," Madame assented brightly. "Her chicken don't grow *much,* but she have *some.* Mais, cher! She could not leave chicken hid in mattress. 'Twould squawk."

"Squawk," Monsieur assented. "Squawk, sho." Then he took it in. "Mais, mon Dieu, Bêbé, for why Madame François should *wish* to leave chicken hid in mattress?"

"'T is so she say, cher," Madame urged eagerly. "'T is so she say. It is only to-day she was tell me. Say—when she die she would wish to leave somet'ing hid in mattress. She t'ink it would be funny, yes."

"Sho," said Monsieur. "Funny, sho." And let him consider it ever so carefully, the big Monsieur could make no more of it.

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"Funny, sho!"

His live little Madame had already run to earth a further perplexity:

"She could make somet'ing maybe—some nice shirt, some breeches. But when she sew, into what does she stick needle? Is it not into herself, yes?"

"Sho," said Monsieur kindly. "Sho."

And, indeed, what chance was there—what chance could there be for a Madame who had never had any children, who could raise neither thrifty chickens nor ducks, and who always stuck needles into herself when she tried to sew? Monsieur looked away to the Bayou as he had so many times sought counsel of the sweet, warm water, but the Bayou went on its way, the wind blew over it, the night passed, and with the wind and the water, out of the gloom of the dark hours there came to Monsieur in his perplexity not an answer, but an anxious cry.

"M. Moise!"

In the early dawn, M. François was standing where all men, women and little children came to stand in time of trouble.

"My pipe is gone, Monsieur," he said. "It is gone! It has clear out! It has flew from sight! Me, I do not know where it has gone. My pipe. I have smoke it toute ma vie."

"Sho," said Monsieur. "Sho." He considered it and asked kindly:

"Eh, bien, François, how come it to go, maybe?"

"Mon Dieu, I do not know. Me, I lay it on table"—and Monsieur François put his life-worn old hand down gently upon Monsieur's gallery floor to show just how he had laid his pipe on the table—"I turn—I put some wood on fire—I turn some more to pick up pipe—pipe is gone!"

"Sho," said Monsieur gently. "Gone sho." He thought about it.

"Pipe had fall to floor, maybe?"

"Non. It had not fall to floor. I look. Look plenty, yes. I get down on knees, I crawl here, I crawl dere. Pipe is not on floor. And Raoul Champêtre, he was in kitchen. He had come to bring my Madame little piece of fresh pork his Madame had send her. Last winter, when we kill mutton my Madame

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send his Madame some meat and—like he say—he come pay back good job. He is nice man, Raoul Champêtre is, he sell some sheep for me. Get good price. Nice man he is. You know him, ha?"

"Sho," said Monsieur in courteous assent. "Sho." He, indeed, knew Raoul very well. For one thing, Raoul was his son-in-law; for another, before Raoul Champêtre grew up to be a nice man he had justly borne the nickname of "rogue" and Monsieur had more than once suffered for his roguery: but through it all, loving the rogue whole-heartedly for his rollicking fun as all the Bayou had loved him. A pain went to Monsieur's heart. Raoul had been there when the pipe was lost. Raoul, as Monsieur knew, was even now half a rogue. But to steal an old man's pipe!

"Sho," said Monsieur and shook his head, "Sho." Then he asked:

"And Raoul Champêtre, Monsieur? When he see your pipe is gone, what it is he do, ha?"

"What it is he do? He help me hunt. He hunt on floor, he hunt on chimney. He say to me: 'You did not drop it in fire when you put on wood, maybe?' But me, I know. I *lay it on table.*" And again M. François brought his hand down gently upon the gallery floor.

"Sho," said M. Moise. "Sho." Through all his roguery he had loved the rogue, found excuses for his merry mischief in a kindly:

"Mais Raoul Champêtre, he don't ever do mean t'ing, no."

But if he had done this thing——

M. François spoke sorrowfully:

"And it is for t'irty years I have smoke pipe."

Monsieur brought the front legs of his chair down heavily:

"What it is Raoul say to you when he see you cannot find pipe, ha?"

"What it is he say? Voilà, he say, 'Go to M. Moise. If any man on Bayou can tell you where pipe is, 't is M. Moise will tell you.' And he was kind. He leave his pipe wit' me—and some tobac', and he say, 'Do not take troub', Monsieur. Go to M. Moise, he will find pipe for you'; and he laugh—you know how he can laugh?"

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"Sho," said Monsieur, "Sho." But the memory of that rollicking laughter brought no responding smile to Monsieur's lips. He said kindly:

"Maybe by next Sunday I can get pipe back for you, Monsieur." Having said this he added quietly:

"Maybe I can." And in that quietude lay concealed the unflinching sternness that made the Bayou fear the big Monsieur as a Judge even while it loved him as a friend. Let Raoul Champêtre see to his roguery when he came home again.

Raoul could not come home before Saturday night because he worked for the railroads as a section boss. Monsieur had a week to think it over, but his thinking always came to the same sad end:

"Before, me, I ain't ever t'ought Raoul would do *mean* t'ing." He had not the heart to say anything to his busy little Madame. She was happy, and so was their daughter, Camille, in believing Raoul to be all that a man should be, brave, and kind in his heart. And the big Monsieur who carried the cares of so many people never asked anybody to help him bear his own bothers:—"When Sunday comes—— I will see him first t'ing when Sunday comes."

But the first man whom Monsieur saw that momentous Sunday was M. François, who stopped at his gate with an unsteady hail.

When M. Moise went out to him he noticed that the old man looked older—years older; then he saw that M. François' hand fumbled so that he could not lift the latch. He said seriously:

"You should not take troub'. I will find pipe——"

M. François broke in bitterly:

"You will find pipe? My *money* is gone!"

"Sho," said Monsieur, "Sho. And your money, it is gone?"

"Last night," the old man broke down with it.

"Your money go last night?" Monsieur questioned kindly. Then he said in the tone of a man who finds hope where he thought to find none, "Come in house, Monsieur. You will tell me how it is?"

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M. François resented the tone; he turned savagely upon the big Monsieur:

"Yes, I will tell you how it is. Raoul Champêtre come to my house—like he come last week. He come to fetch me money for mouton he has sell for me. Me, I go get my little bag to put money in. 'T is not much money I have, Monsieur, but I keep it in tight place. All time I say to myself: 'When I am dead, 't is not to poorhouse my Madame shall go. I keep it in tight place. Nobody know where my money is—not my Madame même. Last night when Raoul Champêtre has pay me I leave bag on table till I can put it in tight place some more. I talk wit' Raoul Champêtre, he warm himself by fire, he say it is cold night, and he say, for why you do not put some more wood on your fire? You t'ink you will drop pipe in fire some more? I tell him it is not in fire I drop pipe. He laugh, he say where it is you drop it, ha, Monsieur? Me, I cannot tell him where it is I drop it. I call my Madame fetch some wood from kitchen, but she is not in kitchen. I go get wood for myself. When I come back, Raoul Champêtre is gone—and my money aussi."

The big Monsieur brought the front legs of his chair to the floor with a thump that shook the house:

"'T is not Raoul take money, no!" he thundered.

M. François got up like the driven, desperate old man that he was.

"Non," he said, "it is not Raoul Champêtre take pipe—but you say to me 'next Sunday I will get pipe for you.' It is not Raoul Champêtre take my money, but when he go, money go aussi. It fly away maybe like pipe fly. You t'ink it is devil I have in house, maybe?"

"Sho," said Monsieur, "Sho." He considered it, but could find no sensible suggestion. He answered absently:

"I ain't ever hear of anybody on Bayou who have devil in house."

"Non?" M. François questioned. Then he said bitterly:

"But now, Monsieur, you have hear of somebody on Bayou who have devil come into his house. Mon Dieu, in place where I come from dere is law, dere is jail!"

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M. Moise saw the situation. An old man with no children to lean on in his old age, with nothing but a little bag of money between him and a pauper's home: could human power check him in the pursuit of the man who, he believed, had stolen his money? Before the day was out there would be a warrant, an arrest, and Raoul—and Camille—and what could the big Monsieur do? Eh bien, what had the big Monsieur always done when his slow wits failed him with their patient plodding?

"Sho," said Monsieur, "Sho." Then he half turned in his chair. "Bébé. Vien 'ci!"

Madame came at once, bright-eyed, with her hands flecked with flour. She gave M. François a gracious "Bon jour," then turned to Monsieur and asked:

"What is it, cher?"

"'T is some troub' M. François has been have," Monsieur told slowly. "Last Sunday he lose his pipe——"

"'T is on *Saturday night* I lose pipe," M. François corrected, "I lose it while Raoul Champêtre is in kitchen. And it is on Saturday night I lose my money, while Raoul Champêtre is in house wit' me."

"Ma foi," said Madame. Perched on the edge of her chair she turned, all alive, upon M. François and went straight at the matter. "You lose your pipe while Raoul Champêtre is in kitchen, you lose your money while he is in house, and you t'ink it is Raoul take your pipe? Raoul take your money? Mais, *non!* It is not Raoul."

M. François shrank from her passionate denial, yet hung to his charge:

"'T is only Raoul Champêtre is in kitchen wit' me when pipe go; 't is only Raoul Champêtre is in house wit' me when my money go. And your old man also! Ask him if he did not say to me last Sunday, 'I will get pipe for you next Sunday——'"

But Madame flung herself furiously upon his first statement:

"'T is only Raoul Champêtre is in house wit' you? Mais non, it is not! Your Madame is in house wit' you." She shot out of her chair and flung wide her floury hands:

"Va!" she cried, "Va! If you wish to know where your pipe is go look in your mattress! If you wish to know where

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your money is, go look in your mattress! Ma foi! Is it not only two weeks your Madame was say to me she wish to God she could find somet'ing to hide in mattress before she die? And now, voilà! she have find it."

M. François had stood watching her words as they winged their way toward him, and now he stood watching Madame's lips as though he expected more swift words to fly his way. Monsieur said softly:

"Sho, sho."

"Mais oui, it is sho," Madame declared. "'Tis only two week since she was say to me."

M. François stirred:

"She was say to you?"

"She was say to me she wish she could find somet'ing to hide in mattress so she could leave will—like she say—when she die. She say to me she would be proud to die if she was going leave will."

"Proud," M. François repeated sadly. And standing there together in the pleasant Sunday sunshine, the live little Madame, the big Monsieur, and the man who had been her husband for so many wistful years, all three as one had a vision of the worn old woman who would be proud to die could she but leave some hidden treasure to be searched for and found with éclat when she was dead.

"Sho," said Monsieur deeply, "Sho."

Madame repeated the pity of it:

"'T is so she say."

M. François came closer:

"Monsieur," he said courteously, "and Madame also, my Madame, she ain't ever had anyt'ing while she live for which she should be proud. She ain't ever had any children——" He stopped and began again. "To hide my pipe, my money, in mattress. Me, Madame, I do not wish anyone to know where my pipe, my money is." He looked into their eyes for the pledge they gave, and added with gentle dignity:

"My Madame shall leave will if she wish to leave will."

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A CALL FROM THE MINISTER

LESLIE DAVIS

YESTERDAY our minister paid us a call. This is always a pleasurable event for Annie and me, because the minister is a genial, intelligent and humorous person who delights in a friendly argument upon almost any subject, and we usually enter upon a great discussion as soon as we are comfortably settled.

Mr. McAllister is a big, broad man, about forty years old, with blue eyes which are kind and keen, though sometimes clouded with a hazy wonder as to why Smith does not go to church. No stranger would guess his calling, for his aspect suggests an outdoor life rather than one of the study, and his practical hands can coax a garden along into the most profitable lines, to the envy of his neighbors and the distinct approval of his congregation.

In former years, a call from the minister was not regarded by Annie and myself as an unmixed joy. Rather, it was an occasion to be dreaded, because it invariably meant a tilt with old Dr. Lacey on certain points of orthodoxy. Annie has always been called "advanced," because she has insisted upon the probability of ultimate universal salvation and has protested against the theory of the Lord sending affliction to his beloved children. Annie resents affliction and fights it with all the zeal at her command, firmly believing that she and the Lord are in harmony upon the subject and are working together for good.

Dr. Lacey regarded such doctrines as dangerous in the extreme and Annie as a brand to be snatched from the burning; but with the coming of Mr. McAllister a different era has been entered upon, in which the former things have passed away and all things have become new. One hears no more of doctrines, advanced or otherwise; joys and afflictions are equally the outcome and the automatic working of natural laws, with no mention of the Lord in the matter at all, and the word *salvation* has become obsolete. Instead of the commandments of Moses, we discuss those of Karl Marx; tithes have become taxes, in-

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come and single, and the wise virgins have been superseded by the leaders of the feminist movement. Oh, we realize that the world is moving swiftly along and that we must jump up and follow as fast as we can, when Mr. McAllister comes to call.

"Well, to-day I have been sketching an outline for a series of sermons," he began, comfortably settling down in his chair preparatory to a good visit. "I've been tremendously interested lately in the subject of folklore, and it occurred to me that some talks on the folklore of the Bible might be pleasant and perhaps profitable. Take the story of creation, for example. That tale, in little different forms, can be found in the traditions of a score of tribes. It is really quite common property. The Bible is full of those old myths. I wrote out a tentative list just as a starting point."

He pulled out a paper and read the proposed topics.

"The Legends of Genesis. The Romance of Ruth. The Parable of Job. The Allegory of Jonah. Folk Fables and Songs. The Miracle Myths."

While he read, Annie's face was a study.

"Are you sure you haven't confused the Bible with Grimm's Fairy Tales?" she inquired, whimsically. "Of course, I knew that Adam and Eve were no longer mentioned except in the comic papers, and that Jonah's fight to maintain a place for either himself or the whale was growing feeble; but I wasn't prepared to lose Ruth and Job and all the dear Old Testament favorites at one fell swoop."

Mr. McAllister chuckled appreciatively.

"Oh, we haven't lost them altogether, Mrs. Knox. They are still with us, only not as real, historical people. If we take the Old Testament stories simply as stories and consider them as literature and not gospel truth, we find a wealth of poetry, oriental color and imagery, to say nothing of very interesting human nature. That is why I planned to have one sermon on the subject in general, on those charming old Bible tales that, while they are not to be taken literally at all, have some grains of truth in them and make very pleasant reading."

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"We mustn't miss that sermon. And what are the Miracle Myths to be?"

"Really, I ought to take two Sundays for that subject," mused Mr. McAllister. "My idea was to point out how natural it seems to be for a human race to turn its heroes into wonder workers. I would touch upon a few of the Old Testament miracle stories, such as those of Moses and Elijah, by way of illustration. Yes, the New Testament really requires a sermon of its own."

"Then you place the old miracles in a different class from the ones of the Gospels?"

"Oh, no, just about the same thing. You take a national hero and stories begin to be circulated about him, and they grow, and the first thing you know the man is passing down in history as a miracle worker. That's where our love of the supernatural shows itself."

"Why, Mr. McAllister, you are taking the miracles away! Don't you believe in them?" There was a strain of anxiety in Annie's voice. After all, is any subject more vital to us than the truth of our religious beliefs?

"Well, no, Mrs. Knox, I can't say that I do. One must be sensible, you know, and it doesn't stand to reason that one man could perform acts that other men are not able to repeat."

"And why aren't they?" retorted Annie. "Because they haven't worked on the same lines. If Jesus could not heal the sick and raise the dead, how could he heal and raise himself? And if Christ be not risen, then are we of all men most miserable. We have no religion left!"

"Oh, not necessarily, Mrs. Knox," Mr. McAllister answered, comfortably. "Miracles are not important. I believe the religion of the future will be a combination of mysticism and science. You know the mystics believe in a conscious communion with God. That will satisfy the spiritual side of a man's nature while the practical side will demand the knowledge of the laboratory, exact science, with every step proved as one goes along."

"Science contradicts itself oftener than any branch of work I can think of," commented Annie. "But let that pass. Don't you think that if one could establish a perfect communion with

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God, all knowledge and science would be comprised in that union? One wouldn't need a laboratory. I believe that is the solution of the miracles. Jesus said, 'I and my Father are one.' If we were all one, we would all be miracle workers!" Annie was speaking with fervor now, fired with the inspiration of the idea.

Mr. McAllister shook his head doubtfully.

"The question of mysticism is a very elusive one, Mrs. Knox. One must acknowledge that there are times when the soul seems more *en rapport* with the Soul of the universe than at others, but I suspect that rapture and depression are both largely a question of digestion. Of course, great acts have been performed by saints in this ecstatic state, but auto-suggestion will account for a great deal."

"You'll soon be calling Elijah a hypnotist and the prophets self-deluded fakirs!"

Mr. McAllister laughed as he rose and buttoned his coat.

"I think there is danger of mounting a hobby and flying up to the stars, and I'm afraid you're off for a ride, Mrs. Knox! Anyhow, it is all a fascinating study and I will come around again soon and we will compare notes."

"Well, Annie," I breathed, as the door closed behind him, "wasn't that a surprise? I hope you understand that your faith is a hobby and that the more you have of it the worse you are off. But just keep your digestion good and perhaps you can perform a miracle too."

"Don't!" begged Annie. "It is too dreadful. The dear man doesn't see that his own hobby is reasonableness and that he is riding it into a doubt of everything that is not material and tangible."

"Well," I concluded, "after hearing him, you will never think yourself advanced again."

"Yes, I will," avowed Annie, stoutly, "I'm ahead of him now. Anyone can reason and doubt, that is simple, but I can reason and believe. It seems strange for me to be defending the Christian faith against the established leader of the church, but give me time and I'll convert that minister yet!"

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THE HONEST CITIZEN

Bolton Hall

THE Highwayman passed me by in the train.
"Here," I said, "you're forgetting to take my purse."
The street car conductor overlooked me in the crowd.
"Here," I said, "you did not get my fare."
The Assessor omitted me from his list.
"Here," I said, "you've neglected to tax my income."
You see I had grown so used to being held up.

The street car companies seem to be trying to give the worst service possible, instead of merely charging all the public will bear.

The corporations always promise that after they get franchises they will serve the people faithfully. All the people get as good service now as they demand. I often see the cars running with dozens of passengers hanging on to the steps by one foot and one hand, and the dear fools, at the additional risk of their lives, scrabbling in their pockets with the free hand—to get out their car fares.

Those people need some more kicks and the street car companies are appointed by God to administer them: if the victims would only, not refuse, but withhold their fares till the conductor saw the hopelessness of putting any of them off, or even of getting through such a crowd, there would be an end of the nuisance.

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COUNTRY LIFE IN ENGLAND

F. E. Green

THE pictures of country life visioned by visitors to England after reading their *Times,* or that superbly illustrated journal, *Country Life,* represent the heart beat of rural England as much as the *Arabian Nights' Entertainment* represents that of the Arabs of the desert.

No one is likely to be more misled than those Americans who out-English the English in their pursuit of old world settings to their historic dreams of the age of Pym. Amid the immutable Sussex Downs, where life moves at a sluggish pace, they visit Arundel, Alfreston, Petworth. Outwardly, mediævalism is here within striking range. They may pass through the hoary gateways of Rye and Winchelsea, make for the Elizabethan house at Potterne, in Wilts, and motor leisurely down the spacious fourteenth century High Street of Chipping Campden in the Cotswolds. Indeed, some of them become so enamored of the Tudor houses that they settle at Broadway nearby, and form an American colony catered for by an hotel keeper who shrewdly equips his inn with antique furniture and provides for the delectation of wealthy visitors a musicians' gallery to the dining room.

No doubt these motorists extract some sense of beauty from the quiet scenes mellowed with age, but I am afraid that when motoring they miss altogether seeing modern rural England. When they visit Potterne, they would be innocent of the fact that in this parish laborers' families are herded together like pigs, so much so that recently a Local Government Board Inquiry was held. They would not know that at charming Campden, so mediæval in tone that Roman Catholicism is the ascending religious note, laborers are so ill paid that their children have to be clothed and sometimes fed by the aid of charity. The chauffeur would avoid the untreated roads that lie off the beaten highway leading to villages where cottages are decaying and allowed to tumble down in the interests of sport; where rural life is butchered to make a city alderman's holiday. They have missed the drama of village life played not round the Maypole,

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not with a splash of crimson color on the hunting field amid a running stream of black and tan frothed with white; but the drama that is daily played behind cottage doors with porches decked with roses and honeysuckle. They have seen nothing of that heroism and sordid tragedy of life based on the economics of thirteen shillings a week.

Not that the English country gentleman is much better informed. Often he is as blind as the bats which flit round the eaves of his Tudor mansion; for since the motor has pierced the heart of rural England knowledge of its life has become more diffuse and less intimate. The English squire of to-day is less in touch with the life of the laborer even than the squire of the Victorian period.

Under the deceptive shadow of the Great House, cottages may bear a tidied-up look; and though hat brims are in a better state of repair than when the forefinger was in constant service, yet here servility is still the hall-mark of England's once vaunted "bold peasantry." Nor is this to be wondered at. In the country south of a line that may be drawn from the Wash to the Severn lies the Black Belt where wages are below subsistence level—that is, where 12 shillings, 13 shillings, 14 shillings a week, with perhaps £3 or £4 extra for harvest, is the lot of thousands of laborers. Not all are receiving so low a figure, for many rise to the exhilarating height of 15 shillings or even 18 shillings a week for seven days' service, and Holy Days denied as holidays. But there are many thousands who, engaged by the day, are paid no more than 2 shillings or 2 shillings 4 pence for each day's work, and are perforce to stand by idle in wet weather. It is quite obvious that these families cannot be maintained in physical efficiency on the wages earned by the bread-winner. Hence it is that they must look to charity dispensed by the Lady Bountiful so beautifully portrayed in the Christmas numbers of our most expensive illustrated papers. But what a costly asset to the nation has been the upkeep of this gracious, splendidly clothed non-producer!

Wages which, with marvellous ingenuity, have to provide meals (at three farthings per person) for a family of five or six, leave nothing for clothes after the charges for rent and oil

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have been deducted. Clothes, in the form of left-off garments, are passed down by the charitable rich. Blankets and fuel have to be obtained through semi-charitable agencies, and when we realize all this we begin to understand the ritual of the hat-brim, and the dropping into the dust of the skirts of the work-worn mothers. There is no margin left for a halfpenny daily paper, no penny to be spared for the child's toy, no stamp for the letter to a distant relative; and the chapel has often to be avoided on Sunday evenings because there is no copper that can be spared for the luxury of a religious service.

In the journals written for, and read by country gentlemen, I was denounced as a biased writer because I stated in my book *The Tyranny of the Countryside* that the children of laborers have to be brought up on bread, potatoes, and lard. Mr. Seebohm Rowntree has now brought fresh evidence to show that out of forty-six representative laborers' budgets taken from different counties overflowing with milk no fewer than twenty betrayed the fact that butter was an unknown luxury.

Why then do people stay? may be asked. The young, when unfettered by marriage, seek the friendly lights of the country town, lured thither more often than not by the railway line and the work to be found upon it. Others, more adventurous, seek the Melting Pot of America, where feudal traditions have been burnt out in the crucible of democracy. Last April emigration numbers had reached their high-water mark on the Clyde. The married, that is, those who have growing young families, and the old, are the only ones who stay. Living in farm-tied cottages, probably in debt to the local trader, and destitute of means with which to pay for the cartage of their few sticks of furniture, they have to stay and endure a life of servitude. Some, it is true, find consolation in hand work, in the love of animals, and the close contact with nature; but these are the philosophers. There is no doubt that in many villages racial degeneration is all too apparent. The brightest spirits have departed; the dullards remain. The Government's task is now not merely reviving village life; in many parts it will have to set about recolonizing rural England.

Once when lecturing in a Cotswold village, urging the men

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to form themselves into a non-party league to obtain better conditions of life, I got a show of only ten hands out of an audience of seventy laborers. I expressed my disappointment to an American gentleman, a professor of a California university, who happened to be staying in this village reminiscent of the Middle Ages. "Have you anyone so lacking in spirit, so crushed as these men?" I asked the professor. "No," he answered gravely, "I have seen none like them in the whole of the United States."

Yet, though they were expressionless, I was pleased to find that after a month or two no less than fifty men joined the league. Their intelligence is often underrated; their minds seem to turn on hinges grown rusty through disuse. Occasionally a spark is emitted where least expected. I was attending, for instance, a Housing Inquiry in a Somersetshire village, which arose from four householders calling into question the neglect of the Rural District Council to provide cottages under the Housing of the Working Classes Act, 1890. The village hall was crowded with people and in one corner sat a solid phalanx of farmers who were the Rural District Councillors. "Do you think," remarked the chairman to a workman, "that the men down your end of the parish would be quite content with cottages with three bedrooms, and two downstair rooms?" "I should think they would, sir," replied the workman, "considering the pigsties they have to live in now."

"No doubt they would like a bathroom, too," sneered a farmer.

"And why not a bathroom, too?" retorted the workman, fired with anger. "Can't we be clean as well as you!"

This unusual amount of moral courage displayed by a workman met with the reward of cheers! At the close of the inquiry another heartening incident happened. A curate belonging to the Church Militant rose and asked the chairman to allow him to make a few remarks.

"Inspectors," he said, "do not really know how overcrowded the cottages are because they visit them by day. I, however, visit them by night, and I could give you many particulars omitted from the surveyor's report, and what is more, from being

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called upon to pray at a sick bed I can tell you that so damp are the stone floors that I rarely rise with dry knees."

But surely, some one will remark, great opportunities have been given in recent years to free the laborer from the shackles of feudalism. What of the Rural Magna Charta of 1894,—the Parish Council Act; the Small Holdings Act of 1907; the Housing and Town Planning Act of 1909? Yes, there are these certainly, but they have become very nearly useless because the administrative machinery is worked almost entirely by the masters of labor. There is perhaps nothing in the governance of England over which there is more misconception than in the efficacy of local government applied to rural districts.

A Swedish officer, who had served not only in his own army but also in German and Austrian regiments, resigned his commission on moral grounds and took up his residence in this country because he imagined it to be the ideal home of local government. After spending some time in travelling about England he came to me with a sad face and said that he had been disillusioned. He had never seen a peasantry as crushed as ours, or one in which Faith and Hope had so long parted company with their sister virtue of Charity, on which our poor laborers' families had mainly to subsist!

The Parish Council Act certainly gave to laborers the opportunity to discuss parish affairs. The meetings are held in the evening and so no loss of time or money is involved; but as everybody knows by now the Parish Council is merely a debating society. The executive power over the two objects which are most vital to the laborer, that is, over the building of cottages and the acquisition of land, lies in the hands of the Rural District and the County Council. The Rural District Council is generally composed of farmers and land agents, and it is generally known as government by pony and trap. The County Council is government by motor car. On the Rural District Council sits the laborer's employer; on the County Council sits his landlord; and on the R. D. C., if the laborer lives in a farm-tied cottage, is often to be found that hydra-headed monster: the employer-landlord-guardian-of-the-poor.

In Scotland there is a healthy conflict raging between land-

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lord and farmer, but in England there is, if not an avowed, at any rate a secret conspiracy between landlord and farmer to squeeze profits out of the bones of the laborer. As things stand at present the laborer is faced with an oligarchy as stubbornly reactionary as was the English magistracy during the years of the Napoleonic wars. The limited executive powers possessed by the Parish Council can be set at naught by those who sit in the rural House of Lords, and I venture to assert that it is more difficult to change the mental outlook of either of the higher local governing bodies than that of the House of Lords. Occasionally a reformer slips through the coroneted portals of that gilded chamber. Occasionally, one of our noble families manages to throw a "rogue" or a sport, like a Lord Byron; but a revolutionary that emerges from a farmhouse has yet to be born. You may occasionally get a change of individuals, but never a change in a solid class outlook. Just as in the eighteenth century one of the Members of Parliament for a Yorkshire division was always elected in Lord Rockingham's dining room, so to-day the member of a Rural District Council is usually elected by an informal meeting held in the bar parlor of the "Blue Boar."

I remember once a large landowner saying to me with a good deal of democratic gusto, "Look at my Parish Council! See how democratic that is. Although I am chairman of it, both my head gardener and gamekeeper are members of it." Unfortunately he had not a sense of humor, and did not join in my laugh.

At the last County Council election I worked hard to get a village carpenter elected as a member of that select body. As a rule the election had been uncontested, for a friendly arrangement had always been entered into by the local gentry. It is always extremely difficult to find a man who works with his hands to stand for the County Council, for he would have to sacrifice not only time but also money to pay his fare to some distant provincial town to sit during the day at council meetings. Yet such a man was found,—a man of sterling character; but so amazed was this rural constituency at a mere workman having the audacity to put up against a landowner that the story was

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soon circulated that he would receive £200 if elected. On the eve of the poll this sum had reached £400, the salary of a Member of Parliament, though as every enlightened person knows there is no salary attached to the office of County Councillor. A subject race of workers could not imagine a man from their own ranks having the audacity to represent them without some financial remuneration.

Therein lies the tragedy of our peasant class. Although still the largest class of workers in the United Kingdom, they are without a single representative in the House of Commons. Miners, railwaymen, cotton operatives, ironworkers, navvies, each have their special representatives; but the agricultural laborers are without a single champion in that House which is supposed to represent our democracy. The Labor party, being entirely an urban party, have given almost all their time in voicing industrial grievances of the towns.

Both of the historic parties are, I think, a little ashamed of their neglect of the rural worker, and there is now a distinct rural awakening. The speeches of the Chancellor of the Exchequer have given fresh courage and put fresh hope into the hearts of agricultural laborers. Though working as isolated units in fields, the men of the eastern counties and of Lancashire are mobilizing their forces. In Scotland there is a similar movement going forward. They are demanding better wages and the weekly half-holiday, for though wages have risen 5 per cent. since 1900 the cost of living has gone up 15 per cent.; and this pressure downward cannot go on without an outburst which some day may spread like a prairie fire. With a leader endowed with imagination as well as knowledge, the peasants of England may yet regain the land which their forefathers held in common.

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THE MODERN HEROINE IN FRENCH FICTION

LOUISE MAUNSELL FIELD

IF there are any traditions which have taken firm root in the Anglo-Saxon mind they are those which concern the untrammelled condition of French fiction and the intellectual brilliancy and extreme modernity of the French woman. For many years—even before the opening of the Victorian period—English authors have bewailed their own hampered state as compared with the liberty of their Gallic brethren. American writers joined in that plaint practically as soon as they began to exist at all, while memories of the many notable women whose personalities have affected the history, not merely of their own, but of other countries as well, mingle with recollections of George Sand and of newspaper articles regarding Mme. Curie to produce in the mind of the general reader a sort of take-it-for-granted impression that the Parisienne must be always well in the lead—must express the "dernier cri" in ideas as in gowns. Are not the very words feminine and feminist, as used in connection with what is known as the Woman Movement, of French origin? Surely, therefore, the twentieth century French novelist, inheritor from a long line of writers blessed with perfect liberty and devoted to the study of "la femme," must provide the finest and truest examples of the modern heroine to be found in all literature, far excelling, of course, any which the unfortunate, prudery-shackled English or American author has ever been able to create.

Tradition and fact, however, are seldom if ever synonymous, and a search through a few dozen volumes of contemporary French fiction enforces the unexpected, perhaps reluctant conclusion that these recent novels are confined as to subject within surprisingly narrow limits, mastered and controlled by one practically all-pervading obsession—that of sex. It has often been said that Anglo-Saxon fiction was and is thrall to Edwin and Angelina: this was once in great part true, but those bonds are being rapidly broken—if indeed they have not already been thrown on the dust heap—and the released novelist is taking

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all humanity and its every problem for his province, finding his realm circumscribed only by his own abilities and not by any extraneous command of "Thus far and no farther." Latter-day attempts to impose the old standards meet not merely with failure but with ridicule. The freedom which Balzac employed and demonstrated so superbly is his to use—if he can.

But the years which have seen the relegation of Edwin and Angelina to their proper and comparatively unimportant place have also witnessed the enthroning of Eugène and Delphine. If the progress of the former couple toward the point where, as the inimitable Mrs. Elton once expressed it, "Hymen's saffron robe might be put on" for their benefit, is no longer of supreme and unrivalled interest, the liaison of the latter occupies a position more prominent than ever, though it develops in much the same old way. Their appointments are now made over the telephone and they go to and fro in automobiles, that is all. With the alteration of a few phrases the average French novel of to-day might easily be accepted as having been written a quarter of a century and more ago; the change has been one of restriction, not expansion. Balzac swept over the whole possible territory, as it existed in his day; a dozen moderns combined are apparently unable to do the same for their own.

Nevertheless, a new kind of heroine has been added to the three types which were formerly the only ones to be found, broadly speaking, in French fiction. These three were, first, the betrayed but devoted wife, modelled more or less after the pattern of the Baroness Hulot; second, the married woman faithful to a single lover; third, the intrigante, faithful to no one. The intruder who now disputes the leading rôle with them has certain qualities in common with her who is known to English and American stories as the modern heroine: she is clever, well-educated, and self-supporting; she is nearly always suffragist and feminist—yet because of that sex-obsession, the differences are greater than the resemblances. The one is a human being all the time and a female part of the time; the other is a female all of the time, but a female of a species not entirely human. When a French author introduces a woman who, thanks to her own exertions, is economically independent, it is usually

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with an air half of apology, half of bravado. Here, he tacitly declares, is a most extraordinary creature, a disagreeable phenomenon to be examined with attention and dismissed with rejoicing—an excrescence upon the body politic, not a natural healthy growth.

The three types of heroine who so long dominated and indeed still dominate the average French novel had one great interest and one only—" l'amour." They might and often did have a taste for art or music or poetry; such things were useful and pleasant adjuncts to the one great vocation, embellishing their lives in much the same way as various " elegant accomplishments " did those of Jane Austen's eminently proper, husband-awaiting young ladies. This new type, however, this strange and fearsome creature whose appearance in the world and rapid increase has compelled an attempt to reproduce her, even though it be inaccurately, in fiction, must necessarily have other, extrinsic interests. And it is amusing and rather pathetic to see in what a hesitating, handle-it-only-with-the-tongs manner these interests are usually treated: the sigh of relief with which the author returns to that side of his heroine's existence which is traditional and familiar to him, the side absorbed by " l'amour "—illicit, of course—is perfectly audible. For the French writer is seldom happy when he strays far from that field of sexual relations in which he has for centuries been at liberty to roam as he would, analyzing its every weed and flower with a freedom to which his Anglo-Saxon confrère has only recently attained with some trouble and a good deal of noise, a freedom which has resulted in some remarkable triumphs of skill and accuracy. It is in this erstwhile freedom which has imperceptibly evolved into a tacit compulsion that a reason may be found for one of the essential differences which separate the modern heroine of French fiction from her English or American sister; while the former frequently adopts or strives to adopt the man's standard of morality—the French novel-hero's, be it understood—the latter endeavors to induce the man to accept hers, not without success. And this is a difference which affects the mental attitude, not only of the heroine herself, but of all those surrounding her. Never for a moment is the " femme émancipée " a real comrade to her mas-

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culine co-workers; always she is either victor or vanquished in the unceasing battle of sex. "Man and woman's friendship," says Leonard Merrick in *The Position of Peggy,* "is the one true and safe foundation for their love": it is upon this foundation that the one heroine often, though not always, builds; to the other it is nearly if not quite unknown. The clever, cynical Anna Pékarskine, an excellent example of this type, chooses as her "amant en titre" a stupid man, that she may not run any risk of imperilling her liberty by caring for him too much; an idea as representative in its way as the general expectation in the office where Marcelle Tinayre's "Rebelle" worked when Noël Delysle came so often to see her—expectation not of a wedding, though there was nothing to prevent that culmination, which in the end actually did take place, but of a liaison.

And yet this very "Rebelle" is one of the few sympathetically portrayed upper-class working-women in French fiction. A journalist, with in the beginning a querulous invalid husband as well as a child to support, she is provided with the excuse for working which seems to be absolutely necessary from the French novelist's point of view; that a heroine should pursue any occupation apart from those which he—or she!—loves to describe as the "charming ones of women"—shopping, dressing and visiting—is apparently a very distasteful pill for him to swallow. "Thou shalt be idle" is the command he wishes her to obey first, last, and all the time. Earning money is not, he thinks, conducive to elegance; work for work's sake, the desire for some worth-while employment, is incomprehensible. When old she may be permitted to devote herself to "bonnes œuvres," but only after the years or some exceptionally tragic loss have made "l'amour" forevermore impossible. Which for one of the thriftiest nation on earth, the nation of the "bonne bourgeoise," in all things her husband's partner, seems rather out of character.

And then one suddenly finds oneself remembering the oft-repeated declarations of Frenchmen that the novels of their nation do not represent it truly, and beginning to ask a little shyly whether French fiction is not in fact as convention-ridden as Anglo-Saxon ever was, though by conventions of a very dif-

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ferent kind. That liberty to describe in detail what the English or American writer was obliged entirely to avoid or indicate only by a series of asterisks, to give a minute and particularized account of certain emotional phases which to them were taboo, that liberty once so envied has developed into a coercion. An over-stimulated interest in one set of problems has crystallized fiction into the eternal triangle and its allied shapes, often beautifully clear, exquisite in color and perfect in form, but somewhat monotonous. Of course this crystallization is not and never has been complete; every now and then a writer frees himself, temporarily at least, from the prevailing sex-obsession and produces such a book as, for instance, *L'Incendie;* rules without exceptions are rare. Generally speaking, however, French fiction has concentrated upon the one subject until such concentration has become a convention as powerful in its way as that now obsolete one which obliged Thackeray to preface *Pendennis* with an apology which was also a protest.

But now comes the twentieth century woman to shatter this convention as she has already shattered so many, insisting upon her right to occupy herself, if she so pleases, with things other than "l'amour et la famille," demanding her place in fiction as in real life. Into the Anglo-Saxon novel she has come gracefully, as a natural development, and with her has at last arrived the beneficent, long-coveted liberty to discuss and analyze subjects once forbidden, which though at first productive of a good deal of wordy warfare is now fast becoming a matter of course. Will her advent signalize the emancipation of the French novel too from its conventions, add freshness, variety, a broader human as distinct from a sexual interest, to its already attained clarity of style and admirable form? Certainly she promises to be even more of an iconoclast in French than she has been in English and American novels, this forceful, very much alive and impossible to ignore "Modern Heroine."

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JOHN H. TWACHTMAN

JOHN COURNOS

IF it were really possible for the soul of the dead to inhabit a new body, then we could say with some degree of assurance that the spirit of one of the painter-priests of Zen, the initiators of the Japanese Renaissance of the fifteenth century, had taken possession of John Twachtman, a painter who carried American landscape to the highest state of perfection that it has so far reached.

"In the art inspired by Zen thought," says Mr. Laurence Binyon, "*material is dissolved into idea* to an extreme that no other art in the world has reached. The typical Zen picture is a landscape; and before a typical Zen landscape one is scarcely conscious of the means employed by the artist; the idea of the artist's mind seems almost disembodied and immaterial, something eluding language."

This description of Zen art might be applied without exaggeration to a fine example of Twachtman's art. He conceived American landscape in the same lofty mood as the masters of the Kano School Japanese landscape, or as the painters of the Sung dynasty Chinese landscape. These last had attained, in the twelfth century, to such absolute synthetical beauty and spontaneity of impression that Mr. Binyon has declared their art to be "as modern as that of Corot or Whistler." There are things in which the ancients had forestalled modernity.

Twachtman is a thorough modern. He resembles, however, these Eastern artists in his contemplative attitude toward nature, in the almost ethereal character of his technique, in the purity and simplicity of his emotion, and in the imperceptible merging of his spirituality in its technical expression.

Twachtman has been called an Impressionist. The assertion needs considerable qualification. For it is curious that while the effects of color and of the vibration of light, based on the ideas of Chevreuil, are in evidence, the means whereby these are obtained are far from being apparent. We are not conscious for a single moment of science, of "broken color," of routine

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Impressionism. We are aware only of the breath of life in the picture, of a mood imprisoned in a frame, of the exalted feeling which has prompted such sonorous expression.

Twachtman is kin to Whistler rather than to Monet. Both have delicacy, reserve, the selective faculty, the sensitive vision, the power of suggestion; both have a perfect if limited instrument, possessed of the nature of a violin, for the utterance of a poetic or musical mood; an instrument, clear and resonant, capable of evoking the equivalent of sound in color, of awakening evanescent tones which vibrate and die away and become lost in infinity. And finally, both make us think, however remotely, of the votaries of Zen.

Twachtman painted day as Whistler painted night. He saw nature as through a delicate gossamer. He peopled the air with his brooding thoughts and confided his spiritual experience to mists and snows and falling water. His soul loitered over the pools of autumn and the freshets of spring, and his eye conceived Niagara as a great poetic vision. We do not know that summer was among his seasons. The thaws of winter undoubtedly had a fascination for him. He always painted winter with great tenderness. He did not attempt to paint it as a harsh and wrathful visitant, but as a tranquil guest, who, as manifestation of the world's visible beauty, lent serenity to the soul. His house at Greenwich, Connecticut, often appears a dream among snows, his own humble Fuji Yama, not less sacred than the Japanese mountain, and sometimes seen through the naked branches of trees that appear outlined like glorious patterns of frost against the cold haze of rose and purple. Each detail in his best paintings makes a picture, each is a perception of infinity; and the whole picture might be a detail of a still larger picture. The scenes he has painted never end with the frame. When he shows a boat in a mist the whole thing might be a single quivering atom, no larger than a drop of water, which strives eagerly to join other affined atoms no less quivering and alive. He seldom employs a figure, but no artist has peopled his solitudes more worthily, or made the spectator more the companion of his reflections. A landscape by Twachtman, seen but once, comes back with all the poignant reality of a face seen

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in a dream. One remembers a little picture of a morning in spring for its keen sense of freshness, for the tender, dewy quality of its grass, for the feeling of sappiness in the young slender birches; but above all for the mood of solitude, which the artist must have felt intensely: it permeates the scene as delicately as the breath of newly-awakened earth.

The process by which he expressed mood seems as effortless as it is elusive. Never does the artist betray the slightest suggestion of fatigue or of a loss in interest. Never, as one critic has said, does one find in his work an opaque shadow, a harsh edge, the pressure of a heavy hand. "Ethereal color and form seem to have been blown into the canvas." His art is a victory of the creator over his materials. The victory is two-fold. It must be borne in mind that the art of painting is externally the portrayal of concrete objects by concrete means. A painter's problem is to impart the abstract to the concrete; ideas, moods or musical sensations to visible forms. To put an extreme aspect on the matter, he must strive to make the visible invisible, and the invisible visible. It is like a problem in metaphysics. Paint is a concrete thing. A brush-stroke by itself signifies less than a word or a musical scale. Twachtman has spiritualized the objects he painted and at the same time he has spiritualized his paint. No reproduction can give even an inkling of the delicate quality of his art, which, at its best, is so subtle as to resist all efforts of the camera to reproduce it. Here is a description of one of his characteristic pictures, *Horseneck Falls, Winter,* by an American critic:

". . . The snow, faintly blue, fringes the cold, motionless water, and lies sprinkled on the slopes, over the dead vegetation of which seems to hover the spent breath of its winter coloring in faintest suggestion of tawny yellow, rose, and violet. In the dry, white, misty atmosphere the slender tree-stems stand, as if silent and desolate. Fecundity is checked; Nature is inert; and the soul of Nature is still in the grip of winter. The whole scene is an emanation of Nature's spirit, interpreted through the spiritual emotion of the artist."

Had Monet painted the same scene he no doubt would have made us feel the power of his orchestration. But Twachtman

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had captured the soul. Therein lies his superiority. A man's technique is his ego, and in Twachtman this ego is supreme not by its self-assertion, but by its self-abnegation. His technique, less "professional" than Monet's, makes itself imperceptible, loses itself in the soul of things, passes in its perfection into another state, a kind of artistic Nirvana, wherein the spirit becomes free of matter. Flaubert must have meant such a state when he said: "A perfect being would no longer be egotistical."

We know very little of Twachtman's life. He was born in Cincinnati in 1853. At the age of 26 he went to Munich, where he studied for two years under Laefftz. Afterwards he went to Venice with Duveneck. Later he studied at the Académie Julian in Paris under Boulanger and Lefebvre. He survived his influences. He died in Gloucester, Massachusetts, in 1902. He died "all too young—the inevitable consequence," we are told, "of his intense life, which must have consumed his nervous forces and drawn upon his emotional reserve with an extravagance that far exceeded nature's power to reconstruct."

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SONNETS OF A PORTRAIT-PAINTER

A Sequence

ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

I

DEAR fellow-actor of this little stage,
We play the hackneyed parts right merrily,—
Trifle with words drawn from the poet's page,
And match our skill with cool and conscious eye.
All gracious gestures of each shining rôle
Have been the garments of our summer sport. . . .
But now, when ominous thunders shake my soul,
My reason gives of us no high report. . . .
I could not mimic Romeo had I lain
By Juliet's bier in bitter dizzy truth.
Henceforth my mouthings, choked, inept, and vain,
Will lack the light touch fitting amorous youth.
Let fall the mask! Let end the tinselled play!
Ghastly the footlights front this sudden day.

II

It needs no maxims drawn from Socrates
To tell me this is madness in my blood.
Nor does what wisdom I have learned from these
Serve to abate my most unreasoned mood.
What would I of you? What gift could you bring,
That to await you in the common street
Sets all my secret ecstasy a-wing
Into wild regions of sublime retreat?
And if you come, you will speak common words,
Smiling as quite ten thousand others smile—
And I, poor fool, shall thrill with ghostly chords,
And with a dream my sober sense beguile.
And yet, being mad, I am not mad alone:
Alight you come! . . . That folly dwarfs my own.

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III

Hell's self shall mock a brain that daily smears
Canvases thus in vision-tortured strife
To draw some beauty from the bitter years
And cast some glow on man's misshapen life,—
And then, a-sudden, he who thought to give
His forms a beauty alien to man's clay,
Finds in one form that seems to breathe and live
Such fairness that he throws his brush away!
The recreant priest may some day be forgiven;
The soldier who has fled yet hopes to win;
The rich man shall perchance creep into heaven;
Tannhäuser still may purge him of his sin:—
But I misdoubt if any blossoms start
On his dead staff who has betrayed his art.

IV

A thousand walls immure your days,—and yet
What are they all when, of the thousand, one
Has fallen beneath the curious urge and fret
Of you toward me, of me toward you begun?
When the first fell, I shuddered half-aghast;
The second, now a-crumble in my sight,
Predicts less thunder than the fall late past;
And I await the third with clear delight.
Mingled with all the phantoms of my fear
Are lights of utter lure. Wherefore I choose
To linger watching, though right well I bear
Knowledge that naught's to gain and much to lose,—
And that there is reserved Hell's choicest flame
For pairs of fools who play this silly game.

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V

Fate, with devoted and incessant care,
Has showered grotesqueness round us day by day.
If we turn grave, a hurdy-gurdy's air
Is sure to rasp across the words we say.
If we stand tense on brink of perilous choices,
'Tis never where Miltonic headlands loom,
But mid the sound of comic-opera voices
Or the cheap blaze of some hair-dresser's room.
Heaven knows what moonlit turrets, hazed in bliss,
Saw Launcelot and night and Guinevere!
I only know our first impassioned kiss
Was in your cellar, rummaging for beer. . . .
The Sea-born One must hate us: but the Troll
Of modern life acclaims us from his soul!

VI

Why deck yourself with such unholy art
When none of all this beauty is for me?
I have two eyes; also, a living heart
That takes some impress from the things I see.
Wherefore, I say, this cruelty to-night?—
When you came forth in low-cut sweeping dress,
With flaming lips, pale shoulders, eyes alight,—
A cry of youth, a lamp of loveliness!
O what an evil in you has its nest
That my poor writhings should assuage your will!
A serpent coils within your warm white breast
And sucks the nectar of this flower of ill.
Yet . . . when I come, meet me, as thus to-night,—
With flaming lips, pale shoulders, eyes alight!

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VII

I sometimes wonder if you did not choose
Which, of the many an uncommingling state
Of man-and-woman love, you best could lose,—
And hold the choice wisely inviolate?
Perhaps you said—"Life, with its myriad jars,
Would wreck us, linked together, into dust.
Nor grow we any nearer to the stars
By the high constancy of sundered trust.
Wherefore, instead of separate deathless faith,—
Instead of bursts of amorous pulsing strife,—
Instead of friendship, that poor maskèd wraith,—
Instead of the magnificence of joined life,—
Let this man give me, be it boon or curse,
Love's restless glances,—and a little verse."

VIII

"Farewell! thou are too dear for my possessing!" . . .
How could he know, who thus consenting sung,
Of the white beauties, the shot gloom oppressing
Cloudlike my heart and tempestlike my tongue!
For he sang love when you were uncreate;
Nor all his skill could pass the shore of birth
To prophesy you, come a wanderer late,
Walking in new and starry fire the earth.
Sublime his power, who could such fairness mould
Without this pattern set before his eye!
His song pours sunward: mine, alternate cold
And flame shake till its chant becomes a cry!
Yet had he seen,—then too his subtle art
Had crashed beneath the whirlwinds of my heart!

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IX

Your beauty is as timeless as the earth;
All storied women meet rebloomed in you:—
Yet with some element of later birth,
Some savor strange, some light troubling and new.
You were not possible until to-day;
For in your soul the risen Celtic wind
Breathes audible; and tragic shadows grey
From dark Norwegian winters tinge your mind.
The longing of young painters who have been
Lemans of beauty, and grown faint thereby,—
The fierce unrest of toilers who have seen
Life as a cage of steam-shot agony,—
All weave around you, in the burning Now,
A lure undreamed on Helen's Phidian brow.

X

Come forth! for Spring is singing in the boughs
Of every white and tremulous apple-tree.
This is the season of eternal vows;
Yet what are vows that they should solace me?
For on the winds wild loveliness is crying,
And in all flowers wild joy its present worth
Proclaims, as from the dying to the dying—
"Seize, clasp thy hour of sun upon the earth!"
O never dream that fire or beauty stays
More than one April moment in its flight
Toward regions where the sea-drift of all days
Sinks in a vast, desireless, lonely night.
Away with eternal vows!—and give me breath
Of one white hour here on the marge of death!

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XI

Did not each poet amorous of old
Plead the sweet pretext of the wingèd time
To urge his lady that she be not cold
To the dissolving master of that rhyme?
I with no new importunings address
One not less proud and beautiful than they
Whose lovers breathed—" Fleet is thy loveliness;
Let not its treasure slip unused away."
Light hearts! Light words! Here in my transient Spring
Let them suffice to hide the things unsaid.
No shadow from the lonely deeps I bring.
Nay, I with gayest flowers will wreathe your head.
Here in the sun I put apart from me
Cassandra, Helen, and Persephone.

XII

Take you my brushes, child of light, and lay
Your colors on the canvas as you choose:—
Paint me the soft glow of this crystal day;
My harder touch would grasp them but to lose
The rose-hung veils, the liquid golden flood,—
I who with palette-knife must pry and strain
To wrench from attitude, face, figure, mood,
A living soul and limn its riddle plain.
What need you teachings of my labored art?
The brush will serve your April winsomeness.
Yet . . . rather lay your head upon my heart—
Draw me to you in a supreme caress,—
That one day, as I paint some throat or hair,
Spring's whole delight bloom like a marvel there!

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XIII

I am in love with high far-seeing places
That look on plains half-sunlight and half-storm,—
In love with hours when from the circling faces
Veils pass, and laughing fellowship glows warm.
You who look on me with grave eyes where rapture
And April love of living burn confessed,—
The Gods are good! The world lies free to capture!
Life has no walls. O take me to your breast!
Take me,—be with me for a moment's span!—
I am in love with all unveilèd faces.
I seek the wonder at the heart of man;
I would go up to the far-seeing places.
While youth is ours, turn toward me for a space
The marvel of your rapture-lighted face!

XIV

Joy, like a faun, her beautiful young head
Lifted from out the couches of the grass
Where, but a moment since, pursued you fled;
And smiled to hear your tripping footfall pass.
For two passed by,—into the meadows gleaming
With evening light across an amber stream.
O Sweet! I marvel now, with all our dreaming,
To find the sweetness sweeter than our dream.
Now we return; and Joy amid her grasses
Follows our steps with soft and curious eyes,
Smiling to see, as your light figure passes,
Your hand that in my hand so quiet lies.
Wide laughing light across the fields is shed. . . .
Gravely Joy bends her beautiful young head.

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XV

I have seen beauties where light stabs the hills
Gold-shafted through a cloud of rosy stain.
I have known splendor where the summer spills
Its tropic wildness of torrential rain.
I have felt all the free young dominancé
Of winds that walk the mountains in delight
To tear the tree-trunks from their rooted stance
And make the gorges thunderous of their might.
The light, the torrents, and the winds, in you
I thought I had perceived to kinship grown.
It was a dream. Until this hour, I knew
Nothing—nay, nothing all my days have known
Where beauty, splendor, freedom, held such part
As when you came,—and swept me to your heart.

XVI

It was the night, the night of all my dreams.
Across the lofty spaces of that room
You stole; and where the moonlight's silver streams
Cloudily slanted in upon the gloom,
More silver radiance met them where you moved;
And all the beauty of that hazèd west,
Wherein the moon was sinking, lay approved
Because thus lay your pale, slow-curving breast.
I shall remember,—aye, when death must cover
My soul and body with its rayless tide,—
The madness and the peace of that wild lover
Drunken with life's whole wonder at your side.
I shall remember in life's stormiest deep,—
Even as that night I knew you there in sleep.

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XVII

O rare and holy, O taper lit for me
Before vast altars in the lonely dark,—
Without your gleam, dim were my soul to see
Where in star-spaces, imperial and stark
And sacrosanct, his ancient thronèd reign
God holds o'er stars and swallows as of yore;
Up through his Gothic vault I yearned in vain
And turned back baffled from him evermore.
In secular joys I must interpret heaven;
In ecstasies profane I must embrace
His glory,—seek in revels lightning-riven
All I shall ever witness of his face,—
And in wild flight, with passion winged and shod,
Circle and beat the citadel of God.

XVIII

The entrails of a cat,—some rusty wood,—
Certain pegs, pins, in curious manner bent,—
These yield the spirit in its singing mood
The one supreme heaven-scaling instrument.
And I, who rate man's clay not overmuch,
Marvel not more when from the bow-swept strings
Celestial music soars, than when we touch
From mortal flesh strains of immortal things.
To worlds beyond the world of its resort
The viol uplifts its ecstasy or despair.—
O love, who knows what white Hyperian court
Welcomes our spirits, through the cloven air
Rising, beyond the instrument set free
On the wild wings of loosened melody?

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XIX

Strange! to remember that I late was fain
To yield death back my poor undated lease,
So wearied had I at life's gate in vain
Asked wonders, and been doled not even peace.
I had grown sceptic of the exalted will
That wins not ever nearer to its aim.
Grey seemed all lures, all calling voices still;
Rest only seemed salvation . . . Then you came
And filled my dusk with stars. I understood
At last what coward languor had been mine.
And as your sweetness stung my brain and blood
Like the wild rapture of some wingèd wine
I stormed the gates that crusts to beggars give!
Life decks its halls for him who dares to live. . . .

XX

Ah, life is good! And good thus to behold
From far horizons where their tents are furled
The mighty storms of Being rise, unfold,
Mix, strike, and crash across a shaken world:—
Good to behold their trailing rearguards pass,
And feel the sun renewed its sweetness send
Down to the sparkling leaf-blades of the grass,
And watch the drops fall where the branches bend.
I think to-day I almost were content
To hear some bard life's epic story tell,—
To view the stage through some small curtain-rent,
Mere watcher at this gorgeous spectacle.
But now the curtain lifts:—my soul's swift powers
Rise robed and crowned—for lo! the play is ours!

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XXI

To-day, grown rich with what I late have won,
Across the dusk I reach my hand to you.
Cold as a leaf long pillowed on a stone
Your hand takes mine, like something strange and new.
So soon grown careless? . . . No, for in your eyes
A tenderness still lives, half-shy, half-bold . . .
Then sudden wisdom to my trouble cries:
I know you still my love, but not the old.
That which I loved and won now all is gone;
She was an hour, a moment, a swift mood,—
Vanished forever into deeps unknown,—
And a new creature rules your brain and blood.
Yesterday you were mine, beloved and fair;
To-day I seek,—another love is there.

XXII

I see the days stretch out in wavering line
Toward that sure day when we shall lie in mould.
What fate, I wonder, sordid or divine,
Within their close-shut hands for us they hold?
We have walked with the winds in chasmy places,
And been as birds down sea-born tempests flung,—
Seen joy and wonder on each other's faces,
And learned that life is maddening still, and young.
Will the slow days cancel,—or reconcile,—
These with more sober meanings that they bring?
Shall we part bitter, or with humorous smile,
Or with heart-rent tragic remembering?—
Or sink in friendship, each a tired guest
Who finds the dreamless fireside-slumber best?

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XXIII

There stretch between us wonder-woven bonds,
Fine as a thread but strong as braided steel,—
A link that to each changing need responds,
Nor binds the butterfly upon the wheel.
For the coarse bondage sanctioned of men's law
I would not, though I could, these gossamers change,—
Give time and circumstance that leave to draw
Closer the net till nearness must estrange!
And yet a longing restless in me burns
To lock what never might the lock endure:—
As a glad sailor, sea-impassioned, yearns
That what he loves for being unsure, were sure,—
That the fierce doubtful splendor of bright foam
Might somehow, fierce and doubtful, light him home.

XXIV

Now jewelled, alight, you lead the midnight dances.
A thousand eyes, a hundred hearts are yours.
In the great hall, the splendor of your glances
With beauty's secret promise lights and lures.
They flock to you; you smile; they press around you
And crave your favors each with satyr smile.
Does your look lie, or do they truly sound you
With flatteries that your warming heart beguile?
See—the low, lustful, thinly-maskèd faces!
They crowd about you, drinking in your bloom.
In fancy, each a taxi calls, and races
With you to his own Sybaritic room. . . .
I sit alone beneath my desk-lamp's glare,
Cursing the fate that made you mine, and fair.

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XXV

You are unworthy any man's desires.
I do suspect you of a thousand ills—
For little moths setting your little fires—
Haughty to high, servient to baser wills.
Rank! that the meanest prancer in your train
Can stir with languid love of lure your mood.
Is it your weak pleasure, or his weaker pain,
That gives sweet sustenance in this poor food?
You have seen visions of high luminous dawn
Coming to work a miracle in your heart:—
But now are veils across your watching drawn
Lest faith in viewless wonders plague your art. . . .
This light vain woman! What fit lash it were
Could I reveal the dream I held of her!

XXVI

What is he but a common gutter-cur,
A chattering mountebank, obese and base?
And yet perhaps your judgment may prefer
His grinning to my thin and furrowed face.
My rival! . . . Faugh! the word burns on my lips,
Acknowledging equality, in that breath,
With him who is my equal but where slips
All form from life, and men are one in death.
He is with you now:—what words now from him fall?
What answering smile lights your alluring eyes?
Madness leers at me, as my thoughts recall
The love that late between us cried,—and cries! . . .
Well, go! My mirth goes with you, who might be
A lamp of earth, a bright star from the sea.

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XXVII

Over profoundest deeps, light lacy foam
Plays where the sun-world frontiers meet the sea's.
And in the deeps, slow gulf-tides have their home,
Nor is the foam-crest utterant of these.
Sail the bright surface on a Summer's day,
And you shall dream along each smiling crest,
Making the waves companions of your play,
Blind to the glooms within the ocean's breast.
But when grey weather muffles up the blue,
And thundering voices rise from hollow deeps,
And coldly drooping wraith-mist out of view
Inviolate the ancient mystery keeps,—
Then would you know the secret ocean-world,
Then dive!—a plummet through vast shadows hurled.

XXVIII

You are not peace, you are not happiness;
I look not on you with content or trust;
Nor is there in you aught with power to bless
Or heal my spirit weary of life's dust.
Nay, you are that which, on a leaden day,
As endless clouds sluggish with rain pass by,
Leaps brilliant once across the sullen grey,
A vivid lightning-gleam in that dead sky.
And I, whose days of sun or cloud have grown
Changelessly furled in one grey monstrous pall,—
I thirst for fierce lights, triumphs, trumpets blown,
And you, most wild and passionate of all,—
You, the bright madness lightening the curse
Of reason's dull reign in the universe.

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XXIX

In the fair picture of my life's estate
Which long ago my yearning fancy drew
From hints of poets, prophets, lords of fate,
What place is there, belovèd one, for you?
How in this edifice of the soaring dome,
Noble, harmonious, lifted toward the stars,
Shall I carve forth a niche to be the home
Of you and of my love that round you wars?
Ah, folly his, who builds him such a house
Too early, by impatient visions led,
Ere he can know what blood shall stain his brows,
And from what troubled streams his heart is fed.
Now must he labor, in late night, alone
To wreck,—and then rebuild it, stone by stone.

XXX

You mean, my friend, you do not greatly care
For these harsh portraits I have lately done?
You like my old style better,—like the rare
Enamelled softness of that princess-one?
True, this old woman, with the sunken throat
Painted like cordage, is not sweet to view.
Perhaps the blear whites of her eyes connote
No element of loveliness to you.
Ah yes, we all must love the sapphire lake,
The rainbow, and the rose,—but these alone?
Or is there some slight wonder where pines shake
On bare-ribbed mountain-peaks of shattered stone?
So these disturb? I fear this is the end
Of days when I shall please your taste, my friend.

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XXXI

Strange modern world wherein our days are passed,—
Perplexed with all its riches,—stung by greed
For what it scarce can use,—restless where vast
Its domination cloaks a bitter need!—
What warring powers have here their tourney spread,
Wherein each sundered destiny must wage
Its own internal struggle, while each head
Bleeds in the general battle of the age!
And over all the seething, where the powers
Storm on their prisons,—where the unborn breaks
Its shell,—where crash the rending moulding hours,
And nations reel, and every bosom shakes,—
Rises, a spectre on this field of strife,
Its faltering, fierce, unconquered will to life!

XXXII

"Are you the same? You love me as of old?"
Lady, my love has turned from you no jot.
"Why lie to me? Your lip curls strangely cold."
Lady, I tell you all. My love has not
Abated by one hair's-breadth: but to-day
The world seems not so worthy of my hate;
And in life's dusty whirl of earthquake-play
A fairness glimmers that I saw not late.
Therefore to me, this day, you are not all;
Hopes and desires, in tumult long repressed,
Unto my ears send an articulate call,
And faith in living rules once more my breast.
"How interesting is life!—when love grows cold.
Beware if ever you love me as of old!" . . .

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XXXIII

To-day put by the tumult of our wars,
Where,—strangely sexless in that struggle,—vie
Our spirits, meeting mid the armored jars,
Eager to thwart, to torture, to defy.
Our souls were born for hostile dalliance.
And you, if onslaught of your malice fail,
Abase yourself, fain in my wounded glance
To read exultant that your stings prevail.
And yet, to-day, bar me not from my own.
Lo! I yield all surrender that is yours.
For we are weary; and, each one alone,
We front a world whose loneliness endures.
And there seem hours when o'er an evening deep
We might drift home . . . I knew not you could weep! . . .

XXXIV

I have not brought you asphodel, or laid
Before you any pearl of happy prize.
We have been as great eagles, unafraid
Circling and grappling through tremendous skies.
But evening closes; and the tired wing
Slants downward in slow earth-approaching flight.
Over the regions of our voyaging
Are drawn the holy curtains of the night.
O weary one! O pitiful waif of space!
Here gleams the haven to our troubled quest;
This is the land sought of your yearning face;
This is the house dreamed of my lonely breast.
We who have known all agonies and all bliss,—
Can it then be we shall know happiness?

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XXXV

Now, O belovèd, in this pausing hour
When peace, like a great river's twilight flow,
Isles us about from every alien power,
And all that hearts can know at last we know,—
Now let me speak words that within my breast
Have long, too long, dim to your passing view
Lain darkling, by a thousand storms oppressed,—
Now let me speak my holy love of you.
The topless peaks, the pure unclouded skies
That dwell remote within your spirit furled
I have not sung; and yet they filled my eyes,
Or how else had I sought you through the world?
My humors and my madness, fierce or cold,
I have told you all: my love I have not told.

XXXVI

Fields far below us,—silence in the wood,—
Gold slanting rays down through green branches shed,—
You, clear against the hazy golden flood,—
And in your voice the summer as you said:
"I loved you once because a dream had come
Of what you might be,—and that was not you.
And once I hated, since my heart was numb
With pain to know my perfect hope untrue.
And once to make you other than you were
I would have mounted Calvary on bent knees.
But now,—dear lover whom such tempests stir,—
I am forever done with all of these.
My love is yours:—be tender, fierce, or strange,—
You still are you, unchanged through every change."

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XXXVII

Through vales of Thrace, Peneus' stream is flowing
Past legend-peopled hillsides to the deep;
From Pæstum's rose-hung plains soft winds are blowing;
The halls of Amber lie in haunted sleep;
The Cornish sea is silent with the Summer
That once bore Iseult from the Irish shore;
And lovely lone Fiesole is dumber
Than when Lorenzo's garland-guests it wore.
This eve for us the emerald clearness glowing
Over the stream, where late was ruddy might,
Whispers a wonder, dumb to other knowing,—
Known but to you, the silence, and the night.
Our boat drifts breathless; the last light is dying;
Stars, dawn, shall find us here together lying.

XXXVIII

Low suns and moons, long days and spacious nights,
With majesty move by us; and in state,
Like buskined actors treading tragic heights,
Enlarge the measure of our common fate.
Across the great gold-hazèd afternoon
Drifts deeper meaning than our thought can prove;
And happy dusks and happy dawns too soon
Beyond our sight in calm procession move.
Dear, hospitable, grows the murmuring earth;
As lords at home,—masters returned from wars,—
Rule we this realm whose summer-thronèd worth
Admits no craving for the distant stars.
Close suns and moons, wide nights and spacious days,—
The Gods once sojourned in these earthly ways!

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XXXIX

I held no trust in this, that it should last!
Of no malignant fates stand I the sport.
If any memory plague me with the past,
I of most clear foreknowledge make retort.
What are the powers that in earth's centre live
That such a dream as ours they should permit?
Why, Heaven itself would have no more to give
If Hell allow we should not wake from it!
Dreaming, I saw beyond the curtained dream,—
Half-conscious ever of the stubborn day
Waiting to smite our turrets, high a-gleam,
With armored siege of hurtling ray on ray.—
What would you have, dear lady?—who for love
Did ask the world that from its course it move?

XL

Well, now they know! the world's malicious arms
Like snakes stretch out, like pistons batter down.
Toward us the missiles of a thousand harms
Are sped; our names delight the leering town.
Corrupt Don Juans of the midnight mart
To their lean spouses mouth our infamy.
Wantons,—whose sins, of flesh and not of heart,
Leave them unscathed,—prove virtue, passing by.
Ah, could we flee the world's whole vile intent!
Might we but face it,—bid it do its worst!
Yet vain the flight, and vain the argument.
For the world's baseness are we made accursed.
O love, bow down! Weep for the people's sin!
The world, the flesh, the devil, always win!

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XLI

What Beatrice was, so much you are
To me now wandering with an exile's eyes
In regions whence no road to paradise
Mounts, and the solace glimmers of no star.
There stretch between us gulfs of many a war;
The ancient hills to sunder us arise.
And yet I crave, from Fate that all denies,
You near in dream, who are in truth so far. . . .
" Though all the powers that thwart your life and mine
Thereto consent, yet can I never be
Your Beatrice. I can never shine
Pale, starry in your heaven: nay, unto me
One lot alone my stormy Fates assign—
To leave you,—or to clasp you utterly! "

XLII

What! shall all thwartings of malignant chance
Set any bar to this impassioned trust?
I will assail these gates of circumstance
And break their iron hinges to the dust.
Nay! are you pallid in the eye of the sun?
Do cold winds blow you from the midmost fire?
Or does the journey ere 'tis well begun
Speak with less eager lure to your desire?
Your look corrodes the metal of my heart.
Are we then tainted with a pallid cast
Of ghostly moonlight? All the foes that start
From ambush do not fright me as this last,
This sudden web of weakness round us grown. . . .
One gate we cannot storm. It is our own. . . .

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XLIII

Pale star whose light is dearer than all days,—
Whose beam I can approach but to eclipse,—
Whose glow I can but darken when your praise
In half-unconscious singing stirs my lips,—
Propitious do I deem the leagues of night
That sunder me from regions where you are.
Ere I would quench one glad ray of your light,
I would that you were still my unknown star.
When in the future days I draw not nigh
And mar no more calm skies where you are set,
Think not my night of memory has gone by;—
And, silent star, let not your heart forget.—
Let sometime, somewhere, one clear midnight be
When you revisit this dark troubled sea.

XLIV

When men no longer hear the sunrise-hail
Of Cytherea from her sapphire bays,—
When troubadour-romance grows ghastly pale
In death, and love has come on doubtful days,—
When harlots walk the streets enticing lust,
And dull convenience seals the marriage bond,
And love scarce knows itself from friendly trust,
And restless hearts strain toward some fresh beyond,—
In such an hour, vex not with idle blame
The wreck of two, adrift where windy moods
Trouble the deep. Look inward! let the flame
Reveal if moths have spared your treasured goods.
And he whose hopes are bright and sure, alone
Let him take up the first accusing stone.

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XLV

A world of beauty and a reign of law—
A glimpse of life's obscure authentic lord—
A link from mote to planet,—these with awe
The saint and lover crave, in deep accord.
Yet must the lover ofttimes turn aside
From where the saint, sure of his truth, would bound
Powers that, beyond known confines circling wide,
The unproved dominance of his dream confound.
Sometimes across the vastness of free sky,
Beyond the orbit of life's charted world,
A wandering spectre of the dark goes by—
A flaming comet out of chaos hurled:—
And wise men doubt their wisdom, as that light
Plunges unknown down chasms of boundless night. . . .

XLVI

There is a love that bursts all hindering bars,
And soars on pinions of authentic might
To glad communion with its sister-stars,
Needing no guidance save its own pure light.
But ere it break the prison of its fears,
Some kinship with the heavens must touch its soul,—
Or, past the wreckage of the shattered years,
It shall drift alien where calm splendors roll. . . .
There is a love born of an exile's heart,—
That shares not in love's universal breath,—
That craves not all life's beauty, but one part
From the rest sundered. And its way is death.
Yet as through night its dying gleam sweeps by,
It mocks the earth,—it, pilgrim of the sky.

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XLVII

Seldom the powers of heaven or hell declare
To strangers, meeting, of their rank and name.
The great archangel hosts no aureoles wear,
And Satan's minions prance ungirt of flame.
In vesture undemonstrative they come
And stand like mighty shadows at the gate,
Their eyes subdued, their eloquent voices dumb,
Their hands concealed that hold such turns of fate.
Greet thou the stranger! give him of thy best,
As fits the pilgrim of an unknown day.
Then when thy board is emptied of its guest,
And o'er the hills that vast form stalks away,
Evening, mayhap, across thy door shall fall
Ere thou know sure what garments swept thy hall.

XLVIII

The clouds that steal across the sun of June
Are swift; and out of them the sun comes free.
The mists that drift beneath the flying moon
Reveal new brightness of her wizardry.
Not so the shadows that on the spirit fall,
Moving like torrents that wind the mountain-steep.
Down from the slopes they bear beyond recall
Earth and flowers; their pathway is graven deep.
They wear the iron rock; they change the hills;
The slopes are torn; the peaks fall; the vales flood wide.
And when the waters cease, and sound of rills
Remains, the battle's echo, down the mountain-side,
Passers-by shall marvel, in far-off days—
" Here lie forever the torrent's ancient ways! "

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XLIX

There is a sickness in my channelled blood,—
Not of the spirit or the mind alone,
Outlasting far the dominance of a mood,
Eating corrosive into flesh and bone.
And what shall medicine this mortal ill
I know not, nor the surgeons truly know.
They tap and peer and pry their foolish fill,—
But still the dizzy humors ebb and flow.
And yet I somehow feel that did you lay
Your hand upon my heart and bid it beat,
There might come back my youth's unwearied day,
And all the world-paths call my healèd feet.
For in a world where soul and body mesh,
Surely so much the spirit may mould the flesh?

L

I needs must know that in the days to come
No child that from our Summer sprang shall be
To give our voices when the lips are dumb
That lingering breath of immortality.
Nay, all our longing compassed not such hope,
Nor did we, in our flame-shot passagings,
Push the horizon of our visions' scope
To regions of these far entangled things.
I knew not such desire. But now I know.—
O perfect body! O wild soul a-flower!
We, wholly kindled by life's whitest glow,
Turned barren from our life-commanding hour. . . .
Now while I dream, sweetness of that desire
Lies on my heart like veils of parching fire. . . .

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LI

What if some lover in a far-off Spring,
Down the long passage of a hundred years,
Should breathe his longing through the words I sing—
And close the book, dazed by a woman's tears?
Does it mean aught to you that such might be? . . . .
Ah! we far-seekers! . . . Solely thus were proved
From dream to deed the souls of you and me;—
Thus only were it real that we had loved.
Grey ghosts blown down the desolate moors of time!
Poor wanderers, lost to any hope of rest!
Joined by the measure of a faltering rhyme!
Sundered by deep division of the breast!—
Sundered by all wherein we both have part;
Joined by the far-world seeking of each heart.

LII

This is a record of what has not been,
Is not, and never while time lasts can be.
It is a tale of lights down rain-gusts seen,—
Of midnight argent mad moon-archery.
Ah, life that vexes all men plagued us most!
And made us motes in winds that blew from far,—
Credulous of the whispers of a ghost,—
Fain of the light of some long-quenchèd star.
What were you that I loved you? What was I
That I perturbed you? Shapes of restless sleep!
A shadow from a cloud that hurried by,—
A ripple of great powers that stirred the deep.
And we, too supple for life's storms to break,
Writhed at a dream's touch, for a shadow's sake!

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LIII

There are strange shadows fostered of the moon,
More numerous than the clear-cut shade of day. . . .
Go forth, when all the leaves whisper of June,
Into the dusk of swooping bats at play,—
Or go into that late November dusk
When hills take on the noble lines of death,
And on the air the faint astringent musk
Of rotting leaves pours vaguely troubling breath.—
Then shall you see shadows whereof the sun
Knows nothing,—aye, a thousand shadows there
Shall leap and flicker and stir and stay and run,
Like petrels of the changing foul or fair,—
Like ghosts of twilight, of the moon, of him
Whose homeland lies past each horizon's rim. . . .

LIV

Across the shaken bastions of the year
March drives his windy chariot-wheels of cold.
Somewhere, they tell me, Spring is waiting near. . . .
But all my heart is with things grey and old:—
Reliques of other Aprils, that are blown
Recklessly up and down the barren earth;
Mine the dull grasses by the Winter mown,
And the chill echoes of forgotten mirth.
Spring comes, but not for me. I know the sign
And feel it alien. I am of an age
That passes. All the blossoms that were mine
Lie trampled now beneath December's rage.
Ye children of the Spring,—may life be sweet!
For me, the world crumbles beneath my feet.

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LV

They brought me tidings; and I did not hear
More than a fragment of the words they said.
Their further speech died dull upon my ear;
For my rapt spirit otherwhere had fled—
Fled unto you in other times and places.
Old memories winged about me in glad flight.
I saw your lips of longing and delight,—
Your grave glad eyes beyond their chattering faces.
I saw a world where you have been to me
More than the sun, more than the wakening wind.
I saw a brightness that they could not see.
And yet I seemed as smitten deaf and blind.
I heard but fragments of the words they said.
Life wanes. The sunlight darkens. You are dead.

LVI

Out of the dusk into whose gloom you went,
Answer me, tell me, why you chose to go?
Why did you seek that far-strewn firmament?
Was loneliness not keen enough below?
Did some old wrong affright you? Some new ill?
Did one more bloom that lured you turn to dust?
What spur could goad that lovely weary will,
What hopeless calm, what storm of shaken trust?
Across the giant waste of this unknown
Must I forever send my questionings?
Had you no word to leave me for my own
Before you went? Must my imaginings
Deem you forgot?—Or did your heart foretell
That time's whole later hush would speak farewell?

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LVII

Now from the living fountains of my thought
Spring streams of comfort, crystalline and mild,
To cool the wound the sudden stroke has wrought
And bid my heart in peace be reconciled.
My spirit whispers—" From this meteor flown,
Draw knowledge of the stars, now all is done.
Assign it station in some system known,
Part of the ordered brightness round the sun."
Good counsel!—reconcile, transmute, remould
To earth's conglomerate mass this unconfined
Pilgrim of sky,—or label it, grown cold,
To edify a chaos-fearing mind? . . .
Love, love, I keep memorial of you! Nay!—
Unsolved, bright, lonely, till my Judgment Day!

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THE WORLD OF H. G. WELLS

VAN WYCK BROOKS

III

The Philosophy of the New Republican

IT is obvious that the socialism of Wells, touching as it does at every point the fabric of society, remains at bottom a personal and mystical conception of life. His typical socialist, or constructive man, or Samurai, or New Republican, or what you will, is as distinctly a poetic projection from life as Nietzsche's Superman, or Carlyle's Hero, or the Superior Man of Confucius. Like them, it implies a rule of conduct and a special religious attitude.

Nietzsche's Superman is a convenient figure by which for the moment to throw into relief the point I have in mind. Plainly a conception of this kind should never be intellectualized and defined. It is a living whole, as a human being is a living whole, and the only way to grasp it is to place oneself at the precise angle of the poet who conceived it. But the fixed intellect of man is not often capable of rising to the height of such an argument, nor do the run of critics and interpreters rise to such a height themselves. In the case of Nietzsche, particularly, they have confounded the confusion, urging precise definitions and at the same time disagreeing among themselves as to which definitions may be held valid. But indeed the Superman does not "mean" this or that: it can merely be approached from different points of view with different degrees of sympathy. And so it is with the New Republican of Wells.

I have mentioned the Superman because Wells himself has reached a conception of aristocracy similar in certain respects to that of Nietzsche but in others wholly antagonistic. In *The Food of the Gods* he certainly exhibits a sympathy with Nietzsche on the poetical and ideal side; for his giants are not simply grandchildren of Rabelais, they practise of necessity a morality at variance with that of the little men among whom they grow.

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When Caddles comes to London he does not, and cannot, expect the little men to feed him; not intending evil and seeing merely that he must live, he sweeps the contents of a baker's shop into his mouth with just the unconcerned innocence of laws and prohibitions that a child would feel before a blackberry bush. The very existence of a larger, freer race implies a larger and freer morality, and the giants and the little folk alike see that the same world cannot for long contain them both. But perhaps one can mark the distinction by saying that, unlike the Supermen, they are not masters but servants of the cosmic process. They themselves are not the goal toward which the whole creation tends. Humanity is not a setting for their splendor, but something that wins through them its own significance.

In fact it fully proves how profound is the socialistic instinct in Wells, that though in English-wise and almost in the manner of Carlyle he has come to believe in the great ones of this world, he has never lost the invincible socialist conviction that a great man is only a figure of speech. In *The Discovery of the Future* he says: "I must confess that I believe that if by some juggling with space and time Julius Cæsar, Napoleon, Edward IV, William the Conqueror, Lord Rosebery, and Robert Burns had all been changed at birth, it would not have produced any serious dislocation of the course of destiny. I believe that these great men of ours are no more than images and symbols and instruments taken, as it were, haphazard by the incessant and consistent forces behind them." The individual who stands on his achievement, the "lord of creation," is to him at best a little misinformed, at the worst blustering, dishonest, presuming, absurd,—"Byronic."

By an original instinct the Wells hero is an inconspicuous little person, fastidiously untheatrical, who cuts no figure personally and who, to adopt a phrase from one of his later books, "escapes from individuality in science and service." He abhors "personages." For the personage is one who, in some degree, stands on his achievement, and to Wells man, both in his love and his work, is experimental: he is an experiment toward an impersonal synthesis, the well-being of the species. It is true that this idea of man as an experiment does not con-

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flict with a very full development of personality. It consists in that; but personality to Wells is attained purely through love and work, and thus it comes to an end the moment it becomes static, the moment one accepts the laurel wreath, the moment one verges on self-consequence.

The first published utterance of Wells was, I think, a paper in *The Fortnightly Review* for July, 1891, called *The Rediscovery of the Unique*. It was one of the earliest of those attacks on the logical approach to life, so characteristic of contemporary thought: it stamped him from the outset a pragmatist. The burden of his argument was that since the investigations of Darwin it is no longer possible to ignore the uniqueness of every individual thing in the universe and that "we only arrive at the idea of similar beings by an unconscious or deliberate disregard of an infinity of small differences"—that, in brief, the method of classification which is the soul of logic is untrue to the facts of life. "Human reason," he wrote, "in the light of what is being advanced, appears as a convenient organic process based on a fundamental happy misconception. . . . The *raison d'être* of a man's mind is to avoid danger and get food—so the naturalists tell us. His reasoning powers are about as much a truth-seeking tool as the snout of a pig, and he may as well try to get to the bottom of things by them as a mole might by burrowing."

I quote thus his rudely graphic early statement of the case, because he has not since substantially modified it and because it shows that he already related it to human realities: and indeed in the same paper he pointed out the relation that such an idea must bear to ordinary conduct: "Beings are unique, circumstances are unique, and therefore we cannot think of regulating our conduct by wholesale dicta. A strict regard for truth compels us to add that principles are wholesale dicta: they are substitutes of more than doubtful value for an individual study of cases." This conception of human reason as an altogether inadequate organ for getting at the truth of things he later expanded in his Oxford lecture, *Scepticism of the Instrument;* and, still further expanded, it forms the first or metaphysical book of his *First and Last Things*. It is unnecessary to discuss the

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rights and wrongs of this primary point in a generation familiar with James and Bergson. It is an assumption of the purely personal, experimental nature of truth which has had a sufficient sanction of experience greatly to modify contemporary practice in ethics and sociology. And it should be noted that Wells evolved it in his own study of physical science (a study serious enough to result in text-books of Biology, Zoölogy, and Physiography) and that he presents it, in accordance with his own postulates, not as truth for everybody, but as his own personal contribution to the sum of experience. The study of science led him to see the limitations of the scientific attitude, outside the primary physical sciences which for practical purposes can afford to ignore individualities, in matters that approach the world of human motives and affairs.

I do not propose to discuss this question of logic. It is quite plain at least, as Wells observes, in the spirit of Professor James, that "all the great and important beliefs by which life is guided and determined are less of the nature of fact than of artistic expression." And therefore he is justified in proceeding as follows:

"I make my beliefs as I want them. I do not attempt to go to fact for them. I make them thus and not thus exactly as an artist makes a picture so and not so. . . . That does not mean that I make them wantonly and regardless of fact. . . . The artistic method in the field of beliefs, as in the field of visual renderings, is one of great freedom and initiative and great poverty of test, that is all, but of no wantonness; the conditions of rightness are none the less imperative because they are mysterious and indefinable. I adopt certain beliefs because I feel the need of them, because I feel an often quite unanalyzable rightness in them; because the alternative of chaotic life distresses me."

And this is the way in which he presents the gist of his beliefs:

"I see myself in life as part of a great physical being that strains and I believe grows toward Beauty, and of a great mental being that strains and I believe grows toward knowledge and power. In this persuasion that I am a gatherer of experience, a mere tentacle that arranges thought beside thought for this being

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of the Species, this being that grows beautiful and powerful, in this persuasion I find the ruling idea of which I stand in need, the ruling idea that reconciles and adjudicates among my warring motives. In it I find both concentration of myself and escape from myself, in a word I find *Salvation.*"

And again later:

"The race flows through us, the race is the drama and we are the incidents. This is not any sort of poetical statement: it is a statement of fact. In so far as we are individuals, so far as we seek to follow merely individual ends, we are accidental, disconnected, without significance, the sport of chance. In so far as we realize ourselves as experiments of the species for the species, just in so far do we escape from the accidental and the chaotic. We are episodes in an experience greater than ourselves. . . . Now none of this, if you read me aright, makes for the suppression of one's individual difference, but it does make for its correlation. We have to get everything we can out of ourselves for this very reason that we do not stand alone; we signify as parts of a universal and immortal development. Our separate selves are our charges, the talents of which much has to be made. It is because we are episodical in the great synthesis of life that we have to make the utmost of our individual lives and traits and possibilities."

Naturally then, just as he holds by the existing State as a rudimentary collective organ in public affairs, so also, in theory, he holds by the existing Church. His Church of the Future bears to the existing Church just the relation which the ultimate State of socialism bears to the existing State. "The theory of a religion," says Wells, "may propose the attainment of Nirvana or the propitiation of an irascible Deity or a dozen other things as its end and aim. The practical fact is that it draws together great multitudes of diverse individualized people in a common solemnity and self-subordination, however vague, and is so far like the State, and in a manner far more intimate and emotional and fundamental than the State, a synthetic power. And in particular the idea of the Catholic Church is charged with synthetic suggestion; it is in many ways an idea broader and finer than the constructive idea of any existing State."

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All of which I take to be very much the position of Erasmus face to face with Luther and of Matthew Arnold face to face on the one hand with Nonconformity and on the other with Darwinism: that the Church is a social fact greater in importance than any dogmatic system it contains. To Wells any sort of voluntary self-isolation, any secession from anything really synthetic in society, is a form of "sin." And like many Catholics he justifies a certain Machiavellism in squaring one's personal doubts with the collective end. Thus he holds that test oaths and declarations of formal belief are of the same nature as the oath of allegiance a republican takes to the King, petty barriers that cannot weigh against the good that springs from placing oneself *en rapport* with the collective religious consciousness; at least in the case of national Churches, which profess to represent the whole spiritual life of a nation and which cannot therefore be regarded as exclusive to any affirmative religious man. The individual, he says, must examine his special case and weigh the element of treachery against the possibility of coöperation; as far as possible he must repress his private tendency toward social fragmentation, hold fast to the idea of the Church as essentially a larger fact than any specific religious beliefs, and work within it for the recognition of this fact. I have mentioned Catholic reasoning; Wells appears to be in general agreement with Newman as to the subordination of private intellectual scruples to the greater unity of faith.

But indeed I doubt if it is fair to take him too much at his word in specific matters of this kind. *First and Last Things* has that slightly official quality which goes with all Confessions of Faith out loud. If his intention has led him to square himself with lines of thought and conduct where, to speak the truth, he is an alien, his intention remains, and that is plain and fine.

The synthetic motive gains its very force through the close-knitting of keenly-developed, proud, and valiant individualities. In Wells the synthetic motive and the individual motive qualify and buttress one another; and he is quite as much opposed to the over-predominance of the synthetic motive where the personal motive is deficient as he is to the self-indulgence of the purely personal life. Thus the Assembly in *A Modern Utopia*

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is required to contain a certain number of men outside the Samurai class, because, as they explain, "there is a certain sort of wisdom that comes of sin and laxness, which is necessary to the perfect ruling of life," and their Canon contains a prayer "to save the world from unfermented men." So also in *First and Last Things* Wells remarks: "If I were a father confessor I should begin my catalogue of sins by asking, 'Are you a man of regular life?' and I would charge my penitent to go away forthwith and commit some practicable saving irregularity; to fast or get drunk or climb a mountain or sup on pork and beans or give up smoking or spend a month with publicans and sinners." Plainly his collective purpose is nothing unless it consists of will, will even to wilfulness, even to perversity.

And this leads one back to that early assertion of his that since beings and circumstances are unique, we must get rid of the idea that conduct should be regulated by general principles. Similarly, at the outset of *Mankind in the Making* he says it is necessary "to reject and set aside all abstract, refined, and intellectualized ideas as starting propositions, such ideas as Right, Liberty, Happiness, Duty, or Beauty, and to hold fast to the assertion of the fundamental nature of life as a tissue and succession of births." Goodness and Beauty, he says, cannot be considered apart from good and beautiful things and one's personal notions of the good and beautiful have to be determined by one's personal belief about the meaning of life. Thus to take an illustration from his novels, one of the most odious traits of such a father as Ann Veronica's or Mr. Pope in *Marriage* is that they wish to regulate their daughters, not by a study of what is and must be good in their eyes, but by a general sweeping view of what good daughters ought to be.

Now since his own idea of the purpose of life is the development of the collective consciousness of the race, his idea of the Good is that which contributes to this synthesis, and the Good Life is that which, as he says, "most richly gathers and winnows and prepares experience and renders it available for the race, that contributes most effectively to the collective growth." And as a corollary to this, Sin is essentially "the service of secret and personal ends." The conflict in one way or another between

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this Good and this Evil forms the substance of each of the main group of his novels. Aside from the novels of shop-life, each of his principal men begins life with a passionate and disinterested ambition to gather and prepare experience and render it available for the race; each one falls from this ambition to the service of secret and personal ends. Lewisham, Capes, Ponderevo, Remington, Trafford are, each in his own way, human approximations, with all the discount of actual life, of the ethical standard of Wells himself as it is generalized in the New Republicans and the Samurai. They illustrate how fully the socialism of Wells is summed up in a conception of character.

But before turning to the actual men and women who form the substance of his novels, I must add something about those wraith-like beings, the Samurai of *A Modern Utopia,* which fully embody his ideal.

The name Samurai, to begin with, is not a random choice, for it is plain that the Japanese temper is akin to that of Wells. The career of the Japanese as a nation during the last fifty years perfectly illustrates his frequent contention that in modern warfare success falls to the nation that has most completely realized the socialistic, as distinguished from the individualistic, notion of society. "Behind her military capacity is the disciplined experience of a thousand years," says Lafcadio Hearn, who proceeds to show at what cost, in everything we are apt to regard as human, this disciplined power has been achieved—the cost of individual privacy in rights, property, and conduct.

But aside from social ideals and achievements one instinctively feels that Wells likes Japanese human nature. In one of his early essays, long since out of print, he remarks: "I like my art unadorned; thought and skill and the other strange quality that is added thereto to make things beautiful—and nothing more. A farthing's worth of paint and paper, and behold! a thing of beauty!—as they do in Japan. And if it should fall into the fire—well, it has gone like yesterday's sunset, and tomorrow there will be another." He contrasts this with the ordinary English view of art and property, mahogany furniture and "handsome" possessions. "The pretence that they were the accessories to human life was too transparent. *We* were

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the accessories; we minded them for a little while, and then we passed away. They wore us out and cast us aside. We were the changing scenery; they were the actors who played on through the piece." *There is no Being but Becoming* is the special dictum of Wells, a dictum which does not consort with mahogany sideboards, but is tangibly expressed in Japanese architecture. And if Wells naturally likes Japanese art, its economy, delicacy, ephemerality, its catlike nicety, its paucity of color, its emphasis of design, its "starkness," it is plain also that many qualities of the Japanese character must also appeal irresistibly to him: the light hold they have on all those things into which one settles down, from stolid leather arm-chairs to comfortable private fortunes; their lack of self-consequence, their alertness, their athletic freedom from everything that encumbers, their remoteness from port-wine and *embonpoint*. These things exist in Well's notion of right human nature.

It is traits of this kind that enable the Samurai to be what they fully are. They are delegates of the species, experimenting and searching for new directions; they instinctively view themselves as explorers for the race, as disinterested agents. And their own self-development on this disinterested basis is not only the purpose of their own lives, but also the method by which the Life Impulse discovers and records itself and pushes on to ever wider and richer manifestations.

The socialism of Wells is merely a building out from this conception. He is persuaded that this kind of experimental exercise is not simply a happy indulgence for the few fortunately placed, but that it is actually virtue and the only virtue. And this notion of personal virtue—personal in quality, social in effect—once conceded, it follows that the moulding of life must proceed with reference to this.

IV

Human Nature

THERE is always a certain disadvantage in approaching human nature through a theory or in the light of an ideal. If I am doing that, it is my own fault and by no means the fault of Wells. He has himself abandoned so-

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cialism, in the ordinary sense of the term, because it has too much of the *a priori* about it; he has abandoned economics because it deals with man as a mass-mind; he has come to rest in human nature itself and he has made his theories subject to human nature.

"All fables, indeed, have their morals; but the innocent enjoy the story," says Thoreau. Most readers of the novels of Wells, I suppose, have no notion that a theory of life runs through them and unites them. And they are right. The force of a work of art does not reside in its "inner meanings." An admirable work of art will always no doubt possess "inner meanings" in plenty and the unhappy mind of man will always rout them out. But to separate the intellectual structure of anything from the thing itself is just like any other kind of vivisection: you expose the brain and you kill the dog. A work of art is a moving living whole that speaks to the moving living whole which is oneself. We are insensibly modified by reading as by other experience. We come to feel differently, see differently, act differently. Without doubt Wells has altered the air we breathe and has made a conscious fact in many minds the excellence that resides in certain types of men and modes of living and the odiousness that resides in others. Socialism, like everything else which changes the world, comes as a thief in the night.

Still, it is plain that Wells himself began with doctrine foremost; richness of experience has led him only after many years to get the horse before the cart. From the first he was aware of a point of view—it was the point of view, writ large, of his own self-made career, growing gradually more and more coherent. Throughout his romances, down to the very end, his chief interest was theoretical rather than human. Only this can account for the violent wrenching of life and character in them to suit the requirements of a predetermined idea. The Food of the Gods, for example, is so far the essential fact of the book that bears its name that the characters in this book are merely employed to give the Food a recognizable human setting. Throughout his romances, indeed, men exist for inventions, not inventions for men.

Yet the "human interest," as it is called, was there from the outset, side by side with this main theoretic interest in the scien-

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tific and socialistic possibilities of life. The series of novels began almost as early as the series of romances. Two " streams of tendency " run side by side throughout the earlier writings of Wells—streams of tendency which meet fully for the first time in *Tono-Bungay,* and have formed a single main current in the novels subsequent to that. On the one hand was the stream of constructive theory, not yet brought into contact with human nature, on the other the stream of " human interest," not yet brought into contact with constructive theory. Mr. Hoopdriver, of *The Wheels of Chance,* and Kipps, are typical of this earlier fiction. Specimens of muddled humanity as such, one might say, quite unmitigated by the train of thought, the possibility of doing something *with* muddled humanity, which was growing more and more urgent in the romances.

In *Tono-Bungay,* as I have said, one sees the union of these two trains of interest, muddled humanity being represented in Uncle Ponderevo, constructive theory in George Ponderevo. And in all the subsequent novels this fusion continues. The background in each case is the static world of muddle from which Wells is always pushing off into the open sea of possibilities, the foreground being occupied by a series of men and women who represent this dynamic forward movement. In other words, the philosophy of Wells has finally come to port in human nature.

" Few modern socialists," he says somewhere, " present their faith as a complete panacea, and most are now setting to work in earnest upon those long-shirked preliminary problems of human interaction through which the vital problem of a collective head and brain can alone be approached." And elsewhere he says: " Our real perplexities are altogether psychological. There are no valid arguments against a great-spirited socialism but this, that people will not. Indolence, greed, meanness of spirit, the aggressiveness of authority, and above all jealousy, jealousy from pride and vanity, jealousy for what we esteem our possessions, jealousy for those upon whom we have set the heavy fetters of our love, a jealousy of criticism and association, these are the real obstacles to those brave large reconstructions, those profitable abnegations and brotherly feats of generosity that will

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yet turn human life—of which our individual lives are but the momentary parts—into a glad, beautiful and triumphant coöperation all round this sunlit world."

Inevitably then he sees the world as divided roughly into two worlds, and human nature as of two general kinds. There is the static world, the normal, ordinary world which is on the whole satisfied with itself, together with the great mass of men who compose and sanction it; and there is the ever-advancing better world, pushing through this outworn husk in the minds and wills of creative humanity. In one of his essays he has figured this opposition as between what he calls the Normal Social Life and the Great State. And in one of those *dégagé* touch-and-go sketches in which he so often sums up the history of humankind, he has presented the Normal Social Life as a "common atmosphere of cows, hens, dung, toil, ploughing, economy, and domestic intimacy," an immemorial state of being which implies on the part of men and women a perpetual acquiescence—a satisfied or hopeless consent—to the end of time. But as against this normal conception of life he points out that modern circumstances have developed in men, through machinery, the division of labor, etc., a "surplus life" which does not fit into the Normal scheme at all, and that humanity has returned "from a closely tethered to a migratory existence." And he observes: "The history of the immediate future will, I am convinced, be very largely the history of the conflict of the needs of this new population with the institutions, the boundaries, the laws, prejudices, and deep-rooted traditions established during the home-keeping, localized era of mankind's career."

Two conceptions of life, two general types of character, two ethical standards are here set in opposition, and this opposition is maintained throughout the novels of Wells. Thus on the title-page of *The New Machiavelli* appears the following quotation from Professor James: "It suffices for our immediate purpose that tender-minded and tough-minded people . . . do both exist." In *A Modern Utopia* this division appears typically in the two men from our world who play off against one another, the botanist and the narrator of the story. The "tender-mindedness" of the botanist is exhibited in the fact that he cares

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nothing for a better world if it is to deprive him of the muddled, inferior and sentimental attachments of his accustomed life, and prefers them to the austerer, braver prospect that is offered him. "Tough-mindedness," on the other hand, is above all the state of living, not in one's attachments, habits, possessions, not in the rut of least resistance, but in the sense of one's constructive and coöperative relationship to the whole sum of things, in having a function with regard to the sum of things, in being "a conscious part of that web of effort and perplexity which wraps about our globe." And indeed the constant theme of the novels of Wells might be described as tough-mindedness with lapses.

For the heroes of Wells do lapse: they pay that tribute to "human nature" and the overwhelming anti-social forces in the world and in man himself. They fall, as a rule, from "virtue" to the service of secret and personal ends. *Cherchez la femme.* Mr. Lewisham, insufficiently prepared and made to feel that society does not want him, has to give up his disinterested ambitions in science and scramble for money to support a wife whom instinct has urged him, however imprudently, to marry. George Ponderevo gives up science and is forced into abetting his uncle's patent medicine enterprise for the same reason. For the same reason, too, Capes takes to commercial play-writing to support Ann Veronica; and to stand behind the extravagance of Marjorie, Trafford, having discovered in his researches an immensely valuable method of making artificial india-rubber which he is going to make public for the use of society, is persuaded to compromise his honor as a scientist and monopolize his discovery for private gain. In *Tono-Bungay* the enterprise is a swindling patent medicine, which many business men would refuse to have anything to do with; but in *Marriage* the proposition belongs to what is called "legitimate business," and it may be well to quote a passage to show the subtlety and, at the same time, from this point of view, the very substantial nature of temptation and sin:

"Solomonson had consulted Trafford about this matter at Vevey, and had heard with infinite astonishment that Trafford

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had already roughly prepared and was proposing to complete and publish, unpatented and absolutely unprotected, first a smashing demonstration of the unsoundness of Behren's claim and then a lucid exposition of just what had to be done and what could be done to make an india-rubber absolutely indistinguishable from the natural product. The business man could not believe his ears.

"'My dear chap, positively—you mustn't!' Solomonson had screamed. . . . 'Don't you see all you are throwing away?'

"'I suppose it's our quality to throw such things away,' said Trafford. . . . 'When men dropped that idea of concealing knowledge, alchemist gave place to chemist, and all that is worth having in modern life, all that makes it better and safer and more hopeful than the ancient life began.'

"'My dear fellow,' said Solomonson, 'I know, I know. But to give away the synthesis of rubber! To just shove it out of the window into the street!' . . . Everything that had made Trafford up to the day of his marriage was antagonistic to such strategic reservations. The servant of science has as such no concern with personal consequences; his business is the steady relentless clarification of knowledge. The human affairs he changes, the wealth he makes or destroys, are no concern of his; once these things weigh with him, become primary, he has lost his honor as a scientific man.

"'But you *must* think of consequences,' Solomonson had cried during those intermittent talks at Vevey. 'Here you are, shying this cheap synthetic rubber of yours into the world—for it's bound to be cheap! anyone can see that—like a bomb into a marketplace. What's the good of saying you don't care about the market-place, that *your* business is just to make bombs and drop them out of the window? You smash up things just the same. Why! you'll ruin hundreds and thousands of people, people living on rubber shares, people working in plantations, old, inadaptable workers in rubber works. . . .'"

"'I believe we can do the stuff at tenpence a pound,' said

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> Solomonson, leaning back in his chair at last. . . . 'So soon, that is, as we deal in quantity. Tenpence! We can lower the price and spread the market, sixpence by sixpence. In the end—there won't be any more plantations. Have to grow tea.'"

There we have Eve and the apple brought up to date, sin being the choice of a private and individual good at the expense of the general good. The honor of a doctor or a scientist consists in not concealing and monopolizing discoveries. But why should the line be drawn at doctors and scientists? There is the crux of socialist ethics.

By this type of compromise the actual New Republicans fall short of their Utopian selves, the Samurai. But compromise is well within the philosophy of Wells. "The individual case," he says in *First and Last Things,* "is almost always complicated by the fact that the existing social and economic system is based upon conditions that the growing collective intelligence condemns as unjust and undesirable, and that the constructive spirit in men now seeks to supersede. We have to live in a provisional state while we dream of and work for a better one." And elsewhere: "All Socialists everywhere are like expeditionary soldiers far ahead of the main advance. The organized State that should own and administer their possessions for the general good has not arrived to take them over; and in the meanwhile they must act like its anticipatory agents according to their lights and make things ready for its coming."

But if the New Republican is justified in compromising himself for the means of subsistence, how much more in the matter of love! "All for love, and the world well lost" might be written over several of Wells's novels. But, in reality, is the world lost at all under these conditions? On the contrary, it is gained, and the more unconsciously the better, in babies. Love belongs to the future and the species with more finality than the greatest constructive work of the present, and the heroines of Wells are inordinately fond of babies. When Schopenhauer analyzed the metaphysics of love he showed that natural selection is a quite inevitable thing seeking its own. In

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Wells love is equally irresistible and direct. Whenever it appears in his books it makes itself unmistakably known, and, having done so, it cuts its way straight to its consummation, through every obstacle of sentiment, affection, custom, and conventionality. It is as ruthless as the Last Judgment, and like the Last Judgment it occurs only once.

Why then does it appear promiscuous? The answer to this question refers one back to the underlying contention of Wells that there are two kinds of human beings and two corresponding ethics, and that in the end the New Republican who has become aware of himself cannot consort with the Normal Social breed. But in actual life this standard becomes entangled with many complexities. Just as, in a world of commercial competition, it is the lot of most of those who try to give themselves wholeheartedly to disinterested work that they place themselves at such a disadvantage as ultimately to have to make a choice between work and love, so the pressure of society and the quality of human nature itself create entanglements of every kind. It is the nature of life that one grows only gradually to the secure sense of a personal aim, and that meanwhile day by day one has given hostages to fortune. To wake up and find oneself suddenly the master of a purpose is without doubt, in the majority of cases, to find oneself mortgaged beyond hope to the existing fact. The writer who sets out to make his way temporarily and as a stepping-stone by journalism finds himself in middle age with ample means to write what he wishes to write only to find also that he has become for good and all—a journalist! And so it is with lovers. Only in the degree to which free will remains a perpetual and present faith can "love and fine thinking" remain themselves; free of their attachments, free of their obligations, and mortgages, and discounts. That is the quality of a decent marriage, and the end of a marriage that is not decent.

It is no business of mine to justify the sexual ethics of Wells. But there is a difference between a fact and an intention, and what I have just said serves to explain the intention. Consider, in the light of it, a few of his characters, both in and out of marriage. Ann Veronica from the first frankly owns that she

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is not in love with Manning, but every kind of social hypnotism is brought to motion to work on her ignorance of life and to confuse her sense of free-will. George Ponderevo simply outgrows Marion; but you cannot expect him not to grow, and who is responsible for the limited, furtive, second-hand world in which Marion has lived and which has irrevocably moulded her? Margaret's world too is a second-hand world, though on a socially higher plane: she lives in a pale dream of philanthropy and Italian art, shocked beyond any mutual understanding by everything that really belongs in the first-hand world of her husband. These characters meet and pass one another like moving scales, they never stand on quite the same plane. And then the inevitable always occurs. For, just as the Children of the Food cannot consort with the little folk they promise to supersede, so it appears to be a fixed part of the programme of Wells that New Republicans can only love other New Republicans with success.

He implies this indeed in *A Modern Utopia:*

> "'A man under the Rule who loves a woman who does not follow it, must either leave the Samurai to marry her, or induce her to accept what is called the Woman's Rule, which, while it excepts her from the severer qualifications and disciplines, brings her regimen into a working harmony with his.'
>
> "'Suppose she breaks the Rule afterwards?'
>
> "'He must leave either her or the order.'
>
> "'There is matter for a novel or so in that.'
>
> "'There has been matter for hundreds.'"

Wells has written six himself. *Love and Mr. Lewisham, Ann Veronica, Tono-Bungay, The New Machiavelli, Marriage, The Passionate Friends,* are all variations on this theme. In one of these alone life's double motive succeeds in establishing itself, and it is for this reason that *Marriage,* to my thinking the weakest of his novels from an artistic point of view, is the most important concrete presentation of the philosophy of Wells. It is an inferior book, but it gives one the sense of a problem solved. By passing through a necessary yet feasible discipline, Trafford and Marjorie bridge over the gap between haphazard

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human nature and the better nature of socialism, and become Samurai in fact.

These entanglements of the actual world would be an overwhelming obstacle to a socialism less vigorous than that of Wells. But obstacles give edge to things, and for a man who loves order no one could have pictured disorder with more relish than Wells. Only a pure theorist could regret the artistic zest with which he portrays our muddled world. Running amuck was a constant theme in his early writings; his comets ran amuck, and so did Mr. Bessel, and there is no more relished wanton scene than that of the Invisible Man running amuck through the Surrey villages. Intentionally or not, this relish in disorder reinforces the prime fact about his view of order. He abhors the kind of order which is often ignorantly confounded with the socialist aim, the order which classifies and standardizes. He desires a collective consciousness only through the exercise of a universally unimpeded free will, and he would rather have no collectiveness at all than one that implies the sacrifice of this free will. He wishes to work only on the most genuine human stuff. This was the basis of his break with the Fabian Society; it is the basis of his dislike of bureaucratic methods which deprive people of beer when they want beer. It defines his notion of the true method of socialism as first of all an education of the human will toward voluntary right discipline.

His appeal, then, is a personal one. He has proved this indeed by his repudiation of all attempts to embody in practice his proposed order of voluntary nobility, the Samurai. Certain groups of young people actually organized themselves upon the Rule that he had outlined, and it was this that led him to see how entirely his ideal had been personal and artistic rather than practical. Anyone at all familiar with religious history and psychology will see how inevitably any such group would tend to emphasize the Rule and the organization rather than the socially constructive spirit for which the whole was framed, and how the organization would itself separate from the collective life of the world and become a new sect among the many sects. It was the same instinct that led Emerson, Transcendental com-

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munist as he was, to look askance at Brook Farm. It has been the want of an equal tact in eminent religious minds that has made society a warfare of sect and opinion.

How can one suggest the nature of his appeal? There is a passage in one of his books where he sums up the ordinary mind of the world and the function which all socialism bears to this mind:

"It is like a very distended human mind; it is without a clear aim; it does not know except in the very vaguest terms what it wants to do; it has impulses, it has fancies; it begins and forgets. In addition it is afflicted with a division within itself that is strictly analogous to that strange mental disorder which is known to psychologists as multiple personality. It has no clear conception of the whole of itself, it goes about forgetting its proper name and address. Part of it thinks of itself as one great thing, as, let us say, Germany; another thinks of itself as Catholicism, another as the white race, or Judæa. At times one might deem the whole confusion not so much a mind as incurable dementia—a chaos of mental elements, haunted by invincible and mutually incoherent fixed ideas. . . . In its essence the socialistic movement amounts to this: it is an attempt in this warring chaos of a collective mind to pull itself together, to develop and establish a governing idea of itself. It is the development of the collective self-consciousness of humanity."

Well, the road to this can only be through mutual understanding. The willing and unwilling servitudes of men, the institutions of society that place love and work in opposition to one another, the shibboleths of party, the aggressive jingoisms of separate peoples, the immemorial conspiracy by which men have upheld the existing fact, these things do spring from the want of imagination, the want of energetic faith, the want of mutual understanding. To this inner and personal problem Wells has applied himself. Can life be ventilated, can the mass of men be awakened to a sense of those laws of social gravitation and the transmutation of energy by which life is proved a myriad-minded organism, can the ever-growing sum of human experience and discovery clear up the dark places within society and within man? Among those who have set themselves to the secu-

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lar solution of these questions—and I am aware of the limits of any secular solution—there are few as effective as Wells.

Consider him in relation to a single concrete issue, the issue of militarism: "Expenditure upon preparation for war falls, roughly, into two classes: there is expenditure upon things that have a diminishing value, things that grow old-fashioned and wear out, such as fortifications, ships, guns, and ammunition, and expenditure upon things that have a permanent and even growing value, such as organized technical research, military and naval experiment, and the education and increase of a highly trained class of war experts." And in *The Common Sense of Warfare* he urges a lavish expenditure on "education and training, upon laboratories and experimental stations, upon chemical and physical research and all that makes knowledge and leading." Separate the principle involved here from the issue it is involved in, get the intention clear of the fact, and you find that he is saying just the better sort of things that Matthew Arnold said. Militarism granted, are you going to do military things or are you going to make military things a stepping-stone toward the clarification of thought, the training of men, the development of race-imagination? Militarism has been to a large extent the impetus that has made the Germans and the Jananese the trained, synthetic peoples they are. And these very qualities are themselves in the end hostile to militarism. Militarism considered in this sense is precisely what the General Strike is in the idea of M. Georges Sorel: a myth, a thing that never comes to pass, but which trains the general will by presenting it with a concrete image toward which the will readily directs itself. Kipling, in the eyes of the New Machiavelli, at least made the nation aware of what comes

> "All along o' dirtiness, all along o' mess,
> All along o' doing things rather more or less."

There is in this no defence of militarism. Granting the facts of society there is a way that accepts and secures them as they are and another way of turning them into the service of the future. A people that has trained itself with reference to a particular issue has virtually trained itself for all issues.

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But no one, I think, has measured the difficulties of real progress more keenly than Wells has come to measure them. The further he has penetrated into human nature the more alive he has become to these difficulties. *The New Machiavelli* is a modern Rasselas that has no happy valley in the end, and Remington passes from party to party, penetrating inward from ideas to the better stuff of mankind, hoping to embody his "white passion of statecraft," and in the end demonstrating to himself the futility of all groups and parties alike.

And as with parties so with men. Consider that scene in *The Passionate Friends* where Stratton tries to explain in writing to his father what he has been experiencing and why he must go away. He writes page after page without expressing himself and at last, certain that he and his father cannot come into touch, sends off a perfunctory note and receives a perfunctory reply. "There are times," he adds, "when the inexpressiveness of life comes near to overwhelming me, when it seems to me we are all asleep or entranced, and but a little way above the still cows who stand munching slowly in a field. . . . Why couldn't we and why didn't we talk together!"

That is the burden of his latest novel. By this touchstone he has come to measure the possibility of that openness of mind, that mutual understanding, that ventilation of life and thought through which alone the Great State can exist.

[*To be continued*]

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CORRESPONDENCE

Criminal Injustice

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—Permit me to congratulate and thank you for the editorial comments in the June issue of THE FORUM under the heading *Tried in the Newspapers.*

Our form of administering criminal justice is to my mind less scientific and more barbarous than in any other civilized country. In that connection perhaps you will permit me to call your attention to a letter written by me, published in *The New York World* of May 17, as illustrating the situation so far as concerns the trial of criminal cases in the newspapers.*

This refers, however, to only one of the many phases of our lamentable situation.

In January, 1910, I had occasion to refer to other phases of the subject in an address before the American Academy of Political and Social Science. At that time I urged the appointment of a Public Defender. In order to minimize the cost of that office to the County, I suggest that the Appellate Division in each District prepare and furnish the Public Defender a list of the experienced trial lawyers in the District, and that each of them be required to defend one case each year as assigned Counsel, thus to some extent placing the defendant, so far as concerns equipment for his defence, as nearly as possible on a par with the Prosecuting Attorney. In the County of New York a list of 500 such lawyers could readily be named.

The burden of requiring a lawyer who is an officer of the court to accept one assignment each year is not a serious one. It seems to me a very moderate demand in return for the exclusive privileges that are accorded him. It is my opinion that the conviction of innocent men—especially poor and illiterate men—sometimes after trial and frequently upon pleas of guilty when they are not guilty, is far more frequent than is supposed.

Your influential publication is performing a high order of public service in this and in other States in exerting its influence to reform this situation.

SAMUEL UNTERMYER

NEW YORK

[* The letter referred to condemns the inexcusable custom of trying cases in the newspapers, instead of in the courts, and stigmatizes some of the tactics of the District Attorney's office, especially in connection with the Becker case.—EDITOR]

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The Press

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—*What is the Matter with the Press?* in your April number has just come to my attention, and I write to express appreciation of this good-natured, frank, logical analysis. The author at the same time complimented and challenged THE FORUM in submitting the article. But I am sure he makes the same discrimination as an increasing army of readers do between the kept daily press and the free, honest weekly and monthly press that is growing up—*The Masses, The New Review, The Public,* THE FORUM, and others. And he must recognize the pamphlets and books that are not mercenary or economically determined—really I think these are the remedy, and what he calls the remedy really the new estate of intellect which will be brought about by this remedy and his "remedy."

I hope you will be able to get Dr. Talcott Williams to take up the gauntlet of your anonymous author. I think it is "up to him" as Dean.

WALTER E. KRUESI

SCHENECTADY, N. Y.

The Fourth Dimension

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—*À propos* of the articles referred to in the published correspondence of THE FORUM for May, 1914, may the present writer at this late date suggest that the author of the article on *The Fourth Dimension* (April, 1914) change the wording of his text, that it may read somewhat as follows: three perpendicular lines imagined from the opposite faces of a cube intersecting at a common point (o), its centre, will each be at right angles to the other two?

This would be in contradistinction to the very flagrant error in his statement that four diagonal lines imagined from the corners of the cube would each be at right angles to the other three, which is obviously not the case. As altered this definition would be found to be true of all figures of three dimensions.

Thus the cube could be shown to be the geometric centre of a larger imaginary one, which could actually be represented by the aid of building blocks to the number of 27 of the size of the original cube. Likewise, by proceeding *inwardly,* we can readily imagine a secondary central cube of relative size (the cube within a cube); and so on in infinite series. It should be noted, likewise, that the three intersecting lines can be prolonged

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infinitely in the opposite direction, i. e., *outwardly,* thus making it possible to construct a third imaginary cube with the secondary cubes as a nucleus (this with the aid of 27 times 27) and so on *ad infinitum.*

It is this power of mind to construct such imaginary figures that is most suggestive of the Fourth Dimension.

In accordance with the definition of the late C. H. Hinton, this four dimensional direction would run "at right angles to any of the three space dimensions as the third space dimension runs at right angles to the two dimensions of a plane, and thus gives us the opportunity of generating a new kind of volume."

Our imaginary figures could be generated in the mind's eye at will along lines extending *outwardly* or *inwardly* along our imaginary perpendiculars to the centre (o).

It must be clearly borne in mind, however, that figures so constructed by the power of the imagination cannot be other than three dimensional, whereas imaginary four dimensional figures would follow the direction indicated by Hinton's definition, and would therefore transcend the geometry and mechanics of our known world of three dimensions.

If we can, with Mr. Shuddemagen, imagine a point in space where four intersecting lines meet, each forming an angle of 90 degrees, we shall have conceived of the locus of the fourth dimension.

In order to construct the figure of the fourth dimension, we shall have to advance beyond the limits of known three dimensional boundaries and imagine ourselves in a region where, instead of having points moving in one direction to produce lines, lines moving at right angles to produce plane surfaces, surfaces moving at right angles to produce cubical figures (solids), we have a realm where cubes themselves move at right angles to themselves to generate "a new kind of volume."

Would not this unknown direction be the Fourth Dimension, in accordance with the following definition: "a dimension of like character added to length, breadth, and thickness; in *math.,* an (assumed) unknown direction extending in two senses ('apo' and 'eiso'), from every particle of a cube, and such that the slightest infinitesimal motion of the cube in this direction would take it completely out of itself"?

May it not from this standpoint be easier to understand with Mr. Rudd how "Any solid can therefore be considered a cross section of its greater self"?

Or, as Mr. Shuddemagen states, may we not be better able "to see objects of the four-dimensional universe,—the objects of which our familiar three-dimensional objects are mere cross-sections"?

STUDENT

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

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The Truth about Canada

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—May I call your attention to the enclosed editorial, which appeared in the Montreal *Journal of Commerce?* I am sure you will be glad to give publicity to both sides in any controversy—but especially to the correct side.

CANADIAN

TORONTO.

[We reprint the editorial in full, with pleasure.—EDITOR]

THE FRONTIER IN CANADIAN HISTORY

In a recent issue of THE FORUM of New York, there appeared an article on Canada's future, written by an American, a Mr. Smith. This gentleman spent some months in Western Canada, and found there evidences of hostility to England, of antipathy to Eastern Canada, and of a feeling of warm friendship and regard for the American people.

The great American journals have discovered Canada only in recent years and for some time back have been sending their emissaries here to take notes on our country and ourselves. We are, unfortunately, obliged to submit to the same misrepresentation and the same petty pin-pricking policy that the United States underwent at the hands of European, and especially of English, tourists. Outsiders, even with the best intentions, rarely get at the real spirit and aspirations of another people. They skim over the surface of things, touch the high spots, and then proceed to write as though they had the basic facts and figures and had, indeed, touched bottom. The result is an effusion that merits not merely the ridicule of the people maligned, but also their contempt.

Our loyalty to the motherland is beyond question, and above argument. Canadians do not ordinarily show their loyalty by feats of lung-power, much, apparently, to Mr. Smith's regret. But had Mr. Smith been in Canada during the South African war, he would have found that Canadians can shout loudly enough when the opportunity appears. As for waving the flag—well, we are considerable flag-wavers, too, on occasion, providing only that the occasion is big enough.

As for our friendliness to our American cousins, we are glad to know that Mr. Smith has found some signs of civilization here. But we are also friendly to the French, the Germans, the Jews, the Greeks, the Italians and the Slavs. We are learning that contempt for the foreign and the unknown is merely a mark of ignorance in ourselves. We are steadily developing a broader and more generous outlook toward other peoples and

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other lands, as the years go by. This is necessary, because we are ourselves a cosmopolitan people.

But all the above is a small matter compared with the charge that there is a lack of sympathy between the East and the West in Canada. This charge is absolutely false and without foundation.

It is not denied that national problems may be studied from different angles in different parts of this vast nation. We may differ, and differ seriously, on important political and economic problems. That must be true in the nature of things. But on innumerable other questions we are in accord; and we never forget we are Canadians.

The frontier, the Far West, has always played a great rôle in Canada's history. It has ever been, as in the United States, the land of hope and promise. And no people has striven more or given more to build up a complete nation than has Canada of the East for Canada of the West.

The simple truth is that the West has dominated all our Canadian life. For, behind institutions, behind constitutional reforms and modifications lie the vital forces that call these organs into life and shape them to meet changing conditions. The peculiarity of Canadian institutions is the fact that they have been compelled to adapt themselves to the changes of an expanding people—to the changes involved in crossing a continent, in winning a wilderness, and in developing at each area of this progress, out of the primitive economic and political conditions of the frontier, all the complex forms of modern life. This perennial rebirth, this fluidity of Canadian life, this expansion westward with its new opportunities, its continuous touch with the simplicity of primitive society, furnish the forces dominating Canadian character. The true point of view in the history of this nation is that of the West. We feel it instinctively and we recognize it practically on innumerable occasions, as in our present sympathetic attitude to the West on the Asiatic immigration problem. We are, indeed, in harmony with the Western spirit; for it is that spirit which has given us the energy and the self-reliance to determine that in Canada shall be established a people with their own ideals and outlook, strong and independent and free.

Evolution

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—Your very timely and interesting Symposium on Darwinism, in the June FORUM, would lead to the conclusion that, as a whole, Churchmen deny the truth of Evolution, and that the most prominent thinking college men admit it.

This impression is not satisfactory—hardly honest, (in effect, for I am not speaking of intention) unless we know what the writers mean by Evolution—I fancy they mean different things.

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It should be made plain whether they are denying or affirming:

1ST. Such an evolution as will exclude the need of a Creator; or

2ND. Such an evolution as admits a Creator of matter and force, which then evolve by laws of the Creator, bringing life out of no life, and reason out of matter; or

3RD. Such an evolution as requires a special influx of super-material power from the Creator at the crucial points mentioned above.

If it were settled distinctively in what sense the word evolution is used, there would be a great drawing together of the men of Natural Science and those of Theology—and those who really differ would be manifest.

JOHN T. DURWARD

LA CROSSE, WISCONSIN

Piety

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—The following appeal was recently circulated in Central Park, New York, and, no doubt, in hundreds of other places. It was issued by the Bible Truth Dépôt, St. Louis, Missouri, and was distributed, apparently, by well-meaning, sincere, and ignorant men.

It is a very stupid and disgusting production, and the officials responsible for it should be sent to an elementary school to learn the rudiments of reasoning and decency. Such self-constituted censors and misleaders of their fellow-men seem to flourish in every country and in every age. They always credit themselves with a peculiar piety, and they always assume that everyone who is not ignorant enough to agree with them must be condemned here and damned hereafter.

Now that men are beginning to speak the truth and to value the truth, and to despise shams and cowardice, it is time that the impostors who have posed as little tin gods should be told plainly that their so-called piety is not a virtue, but a degrading vice, rooted in ignorance and smug self-satisfaction. "An eternity of weeping and wailing"; "multitudes will be unprepared, and hence will be dammed (*sic*) throughout eternity"; "by the fear of hell's eternal torment"; "that abyss at whose foot dash and roar the flaming waves of eternal judgment"—the criminal lunatics who can perpetrate such abominable rubbish, in the name of the God of Love, are not fit to be at large, scattering their poison through the community.

These blind fanatics have been tainting the minds of young and old for far too long. What right have they to preach damnable doctrines that they have taken merely on hearsay; which they have never investigated, and are incapable of investigating? It is this type which goes for its authority always to its Bible, without knowing in the least what its Bible is, or the varying values of different sections, or the pitfalls of mistrans-

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lation and interpolation. But its Bible is infallible, just as it would have been infallible if it had contained ten more books, or ten less—if only it had received the sanction of custom and conventionality.

Here is the rigmarole which the Bible Truth Dépôt of St. Louis has sent out to corrupt the characters of the uninformed and unbalanced:

CHRIST IS COMING

Don't fail to read every word, as it is an Appeal regarding your safety when that terrible day shall come.

WILL YOU BE READY?

"Sit Thou at My right hand until I make Thine enemies Thy footstool" (Psa. cx:1). Thus spake the Father, as the Son entered heaven with the marks of the world's hatred upon His blessed person.

Nigh two thousand years have come and gone since then, and time, with lightning wing, is speeding us toward that awful moment when the Son will rise up in resistless might to fulfil the Father's decree. Christ is coming to make His enemies His Footstool. Art thou washed in His blood? If so, thou art His friend. If not, thou art Christ's enemy, and when He comes in power and great glory it will be to crush thee, as His enemy, beneath His feet (Matt. xxv:31-46; Rev. xix:11-21). Oh, the terrors of the Christless at that coming! The coming of the Man whom the world once crucified, whose love it has not ceased to scorn, and whose blood it has even treated with proud indifference. Men who never prayed before will then, in their soul's deep terror, cry to the rocks and to the mountains, "Fall on us and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb: for the great day of His wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?" (Rev. vi:16, 17.) Vain prayer! The Lamb's arm of judgment shall then reach all who would not take salvation from His hand of love. Then will forever cease the gay song, the careless laugh and the mad whirl of gaiety, in which the poor victims of the devil are indulging, and an eternity of weeping and wailing take their place.

Then will forever be suspended the world's pleasures and business, with the allurements of the one, and the wear, hurry and bustle of the other, which so often shut out God, and leave men no time to think of their soul's deep need. Then will forever be arrested the world's boasted progress, and man in his mad career of proud indifference to the claims of God brought face to face with Him whom God has constituted Judge of quick and dead.

Reader, before this terrible day of judgment comes, Christ is coming to take to His bosom His blood-purchased Bride—which is every believer

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in Him. If Christ were to come this moment, would you rise to meet Him? (1 Thess. iv:15-17.) Are you ready? Are you saved?

Christ is coming, and one of two things will happen to you when He comes: you will either be caught up to be forever with Him, or else left behind for judgment. Think of it—left behind for judgment. Jesus said: "As it was in the days of Noe, so shall it be in the days of the Son of man." How was it in the days of Noe? A world of sinners, heedless of God's warnings, and unprepared for His judgment, was in a moment swept away to eternal destruction by the terrible waters of wrath. So shall it be when Christ comes. Multitudes will be unprepared, because unwashed in His blood, and hence will be dammed (*sic*) throughout eternity. Shall you be one of them?

There will be terrible crying and wailing in that day, reader, men and women crying out for mercy, and wailing because no mercy can be found. Will your voice be heard?

The myriads who have heard the gospel of God's grace, and turned carelessly away, will realize then that the day of grace is past, and that their doom is forever fixed. Shall you be one of them? Oh, mad lingerer on the brink of that abyss at whose foot dash and roar the flaming waves of eternal judgment, I warn you that Christ's coming is no mere fancy of a disordered mind. Already there are to be heard the mutterings of the approaching tempest. How darest thou trifle with the solemn question of thy soul's salvation! I adjure thee, by Christ's dread appearing, by the love that thou hast for thy soul, by the fear of hell's eternal torment, to fly this moment for refuge to that Saviour who still cries, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."

Yes, the Judge is coming, and yet there comes to us His voice, borne along the centuries of the distant past, still pleading with the sinner in the tones of the tenderest love, "Come unto Me, . . . and I will give you rest." "He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life." (Matt. xi:28; John vi:47.) But even as we listen the voice changes to a voice of sorrow, and we hear Him grieving, "And ye will not come to Me that ye might have life."

Reader, are those words of grief prophetic of the doom of thy Christless soul? Or wilt thou this instant hasten through the shadows of impending judgment that even now gather round thy path, to the feet of Him who died that thou mightest live, and who, in patient grace, still lingers to receive thee and forgive thee through the virtue of His blood?

* * *

If this is Christianity, I hope to remain unconverted.

TWENTIETH CENTURY

NEW YORK

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EDITORIAL NOTES

Coarser Fibre

COMMENTING recently upon the business situation, *The Wall Street Journal* expressed the opinion that "A President of coarser fibre, but of sounder business experience, would have realized the mischievous effect of further regulative legislation long ere this, and would have found no difficulty in winning the support of Congress to the abandonment of such measures, for the present session at least. . . . Mr. Wilson is the only real obstacle. . . ."

Here we have the real aspirations of Wall Street adequately expressed. "A President of coarser fibre" is what the country needs; a man who would understand and appreciate the Wall Street type, Wall Street methods, and Wall Street unscrupulousness; a man who would not dream of incurring the resentment of Big Business, but would meekly take his orders and his profits from the duly constituted authorities; a man incapable of initiating a magnificent scheme of constructive legislation and carrying it to full completion in spite of the threats of financial gangsters, or the personal spleen of traitors to the party, or the jeremiads of all the pessimists who believe that the country is inevitably going to perdition because it has a Man at its head, and not a raucous windbag or a tainted dummy.

Yes, "Mr. Wilson is the only real obstacle"—the obstacle to the return of the palmy days when men of sufficiently coarse fibre to satisfy Wall Street dominated the political world, and the business world, and the world of chicanery and plunder. But behind Mr. Wilson, supporting that "obstacle" to the country's degradation, will be found a sufficient number of millions of the inhabitants of these United States to insure that the work he is doing shall not be undone; that the impress he will leave on the nation and the nation's standards of efficiency shall not be effaced; and that neither Wall Street nor Fourteenth Street, long so happily allied, shall be allowed to stand in future as the representative products of American evolution.

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"Purely Psychological"

SOME gentle humorists, finding that their party preferences alienate them from the Administration and its policies, have been toying with the term "psychological." It seems that the President—simple, gentle man—has erred in his diagnosis of his patient country's slight indisposition; there is no "purely psychological depression" at all, but a profound and disquieting disorder. Indeed, it may be said that the nation has received many wounds, several of them mortal; and that its recovery can therefore not be confidently anticipated. It has been stabbed in the back; its spine has been removed; it has Hearstitis of the pericardium; it has acute inflammation in its Wall Street cavity; its railroad sections are suffering from malnutrition; its grafting ganglions are excessively irritated; the alimentary canal zone is levying heavy tolls on the whole system; there are clear indications of arterio-sclerosis; and a Mexican cancer has developed. On, then, with the obsequies!

And yet there are rumors from the Middle-West of a haleness that cannot be reconciled with these gloomy precursors of dissolution; rumors of a prodigality of harvest that may enable the anticipated corpse to dispense with the eager services of the undertakers and wear again the pleasant smile of health and wholesomeness. This will be painful for the undertakers: but they may find gratification in the lingering thought of that Great One who certainly did not deal in "psychological" refinements, but blessed his country with such indubitable signs of prosperity as the panic of 1907.

Sing Sing

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE is reported to have said that Sing Sing is a disgrace to New York State, and that the best remedy would be to burn it down.

Ex-Warden Clancy is reported to have stated that Sing Sing is controlled by a gang of professional politicians, who reduce to a travesty the attempted administration of any competent War-

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den, and exploit the prison and the prisoners in the traditional Tammany way.

Several New York newspapers have asked what we are going to do about it.

In the meantime, a shoemaker (or something equally remote from any conception of an expert penologist) has been appointed Warden, through the good offices of a clique of worthless politicians. And Sing Sing is openly controlled by Tammany—as nearly everything else in New York State, from the criminal to the judge, is controlled by Tammany.

What are we going to do about it? *C'est à rire.* Nothing, of course, except to keep up the egregious pretence that New York State is a commonwealth, governed by its own people—when, in reality, it is the private estate of Charles F. Murphy and all the grafting hypocrites who support him.

Ulster

If half the ingenuity that has been displayed in preparing for hostilities had been reserved for a genuine attempt to establish a peaceful understanding, the Ulster problem would be one of Sherlock Holmes's " It's perfectly simple, Watson " cases. But few of those who are intimately connected with the direction of affairs seem able to forecast and prepare for the future.

The immediate problem is tragic, yet ludicrous. Irishmen, who are proverbially credited with a sense of humor, are looking forward seriously to the spectacle of the British Government compelling Ulster by force of arms to refrain from being to Ireland what Ireland has long been to England. It would have been a better augury for the future prosperity of Ireland if Mr. Redmond had intimated that the new Irish Government preferred to take the solution of the question into its own hands, and fight its own fight or make its own peace. Certainly there would have been ample opportunity for the exercise of those gifts of statesmanship which are essential if the Home Rule Bill, with its manifold restrictions and reservations, is to be made the basis of a permanent and successful régime.

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Letters From the People

An interesting occupation—for a short time—is the study of the correspondence columns of the leading newspapers of a large city. Here, with unfailing persistence, the articulate and the semi-articulate seek refuge, fretting their souls till they find relief in the printed word. Certain names recur: they belong to the eccentric type which finds its *métier* in public letter writing, achieving some reputation, or even, in rare cases, a secure niche in the temple of notoriety. They have the versatility of a general information column and will range easily from the elucidation of Hibernian agrarian conditions before the Flood to tariff revision, grand opera, post-impressionists, and one-piece bathing suits at Coney Island. But, usually, they lack the polish and the *savoir faire* of the broad mind; they are a little irascible and dictatorial. For they sit, though insecurely, on the steps of the thrones of the mighty; they are helping to mould public opinion; and a little touch of acerbity indicates the consciousness of power and great wisdom. After all, why should those who differ from us presume to exist? The problem is perplexing.

But the great mass of the correspondence reflects—naturally—the great mass of the people. There are some sensible letters, generally brief. There are some satiric letters—would they were briefer! There are some foolish, petty, malevolent letters; and here and there one that gives you a glimpse of some commonplace tragedy of despair, with God out of His Heaven, and all wrong with the world. And there are the letters that the average man writes, and the average man understands: letters dealing with all manner of topics in the approved, prejudiced way: not seeking the truth, or considering arguments; but stating and enforcing a personal opinion colored by personal environment, and never doubted, tested or reconsidered.

An Irishman from Cork writes to protest against the appearance of an article describing conditions in Ulster, as they appear to an impartial outsider. An Irishwoman from Limerick (*via* Brooklyn) intimates that she will in future dispense with the enjoyment she has formerly derived from the journal; she refuses to

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countenance the prejudiced nonsense contributed by the alleged impartial observer. An Irishman from Belfast (*via* Hoboken) congratulates the editor on the extraordinary ability and fidelity of the impartial observer, and delivers several side-thrusts at the bigotry of all Nationalists. And so on. Only occasionally is there any effort to escape from the shackles of childhood conditions and training, to put aside the things that are accidental and ephemeral, and come to grips with reality. Yet, to the credit of intelligent human nature, let it be recorded that such efforts are sometimes made; and the resulting letter, whether it be crudely or competently written, stands out on the page illustriously. "On earth peace, good will toward men." (Yes, we know all about the revised version.)

But there is no peace in the hearts of too many, and no good will toward man or God who dares to differ from the man or God rooted in the remembrances of early years. The accident of birth, the accidents of training and environment, color forever the views of the vast majority. They are citizens of no mean country, in their own estimation: but they cannot pass from the provincialism of their own individual limitations to the large freedom of reason and sincerity—the sincerity that can justify itself. So Greek and Serb and Bulgarian and Turk will dream of battle, murder and sudden death; and yet, to many of them, the convictions of their life are merely a result of their having been born a few miles on one side of a certain border instead of a few miles on the other. The analogy may profitably be extended to all sorts and conditions of men. How many in each million stand on their own feet, and talk whereof they know? And how many, counting themselves patriots and most commendable of wise men, are merely prejudiced little fools, strutting on stilts of conceit and ignorance?

Mr. Clancy's Optimism

"If there is ever a real investigation of conditions at Sing Sing, there will be a scandal that will shock the State," Mr. Clancy, ex-Warden of Sing Sing, declares.

He is unduly optimistic. A scandal of sufficient proportions

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to shock New York State is inconceivable. After Murphy, nothing matters.

Eugenic Tests

THE Medico-Psychological Association, in session at Baltimore, rejected resolutions suggesting that a clean bill of health and evidence of a normal mind should be required from all persons seeking marriage licenses.

The opposition was not due to any failure to realize the value of health and strength, with the increased possibilities of happiness in marriage; but, in the view of the Association, the direct and indirect results of legislation would be more disastrous than desirable: for instance, the consequent encouragement of illegitimate unions was discussed. Dr. William Mabon and Dr. C. F. Haviland, of New York, agreed that eugenics would become an increasing power for good, but that this would be attained by popular education rather than by legal enactments.

This is true: but popular education should by now have reached a stage that would demand a reasonable standard of physical health as a preliminary to marriage. Love is its own law; but now that the criminal conspiracy of silence has been broken, a temporary infatuation will not be so readily accepted as a warrant for years of misery.

Votes for Viragoes

Do the militants in England really desire votes for women, or are they deliberately trying to make a settlement impossible, in order that they may have continued opportunities for personal advertisement and notoriety? The most fanatical enemy of the cause could not have devised more suitable measures to alienate the public and bring the very name of the movement into contempt.

A sorry, squalid business.

Eheu fugaces . . .

"THE relentless years," observed the New York *Evening Sun* in a recent editorial, "go labunturing along . . ."

Even so.

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